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PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

UNPUBLISHED LECTURES ON PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

By the Rev. Henry Stebbing, M.A.

No. III.

The Public Press—Magazines—The New Monthly—Blackwood's—The Old Monthly—The Gentleman's—and The London.

IN the last Lecture, I took a general view of our literature, as divided into its three great branches of Imaginative, Moral, and Scientific. I next considered periodical literature, first, in itself, and, secondly, in its relation to the above-mentioned divisions of general literature. It is my present purpose to examine the origin of that passion for public information which is so generally prevalent, and to which may be ascribed the existence of Newspapers as at present constituted. I shall then proceed to consider the present condition of our Magazine literature, which is an off-set from the public journals, and the state of which will be shown by an inquiry into the character of some of our principal and most popular periodicals of that class.

Man is essentially a social being, but his social character is to be traced in his mind rather than in his necessities; in his moral, more than in his physical, nature. There may be found instances of men's living in solitude, and being satisfied with what their own hands might gather from the field, and with the water of the brook; but no record can be found of one whose heart had forgotten its yearnings after his kind, whose memory or hope bound him not in some manner to the world, or who, let his state have been what it might, felt himself free from the impulse given to his spirit at its very birth among mankind. Our wants and necessities, it is true, form one of the links which bind us together, but it is not the strongest; and could each individual purchase for himself the greatest luxuries, the highest individual gratification, by complete estrangement from society, the price would be considered too high by the least happy of our race. We shall be nearer being right, perhaps, if we regard our physical wants, our inheritance of pain and helplessness, and all the cravings of our frame, but as the outward and visible signs of a moral necessity binding us together; the characters of our inner man written on fleshly tablets, and made legible by the waning of years, and the circumstances of a changing existence. But if it be thus, if there be a stronger principle cementing men into societies than their physical wants, and that principle be the moral constitution of their nature, it is in the development and manifestation of this, we shall see society in its proper light, be able to estimate its weakness or energy, the strength or decay of the living soul which animates it, and see the spring and foundation of its exhibited powers. The intercourse, therefore, of mind with mind, the combination of individual thought into one mighty mass of intellect, the gathering of private judgments and experiences, in their infinite diversities of form and colouring, into that vast embodied essence of society called Public Opinion, is but a consequence of the laws and constitution of our moral nature,—of the fate and necessity which ordained man's existence and progressive improvement as a social being. It is to the acting of this principle I would attri-

bute the origin of societies, rather than to any other which has been derived from our want of mutual aid. This is insufficient to explain a single phenomenon of life; but the former avails us, at whatever period we begin our examination of man's history. It exists, though too closely blended with feelings of sonship or brotherhood to be distinguished, in the simple patriarchal state; it is found, strong and active, in the rude clan and savage tribe, which, but for this, would have no gathering-cry against the enemy, and no compass over the desert, or through the trackless forest. It is seen breaking forth in every stage of civilisation, manifesting its existence in times of tumult and confusion, as well as in the deepest calm, and employing, as its agents or its channels of circulation, whatever the accidents of the age, or the inventions of art, may afford for the purpose.

Into this principle we may resolve the general passion for public information, as it exists in the community at large; and which, taking its strength partly from curiosity, and partly from the anxiousness of personal interest, is increased a thousand fold, by the deep-rooted, changeless power of a universal sympathy, and the desire of a common good. In the fluctuations of society, the mingling together of pursuits and interests, the varying excitements and recognised principles, and the alternations of passion and their corresponding prejudices, an almost unlimited scope is given to speculation, and events occur calculated to awaken by turns every feeling of the human heart. It is hence public journals derive their interest, and the mixed character of their contents. They answer the queries which are put respecting the world at large; they speak of the evil and the good which have invaded or blessed the homes of our fellow-countrymen, and they represent, or affect to represent, the views which the master-minds of the age take on the great subjects of human interest. There ever has been, and ever will be, an eager desire after publications of this nature, and there would be no surer sign that the life and spirit of a people were gone, than the loss or diminution of their passion for general news. The state of the public press, as answering to this universal want and desire, will, of course, vary with the government, and, in some measure, with the condition of a nation; but it can then only fully discharge its office when it is perfectly unrestricted in its operations; when its machinery is so free that it will answer to the slightest touch, and act as an index to the different variations in the social body. That it will ever be that perfect agent in the diffusion of political knowledge, or in conveying information on the actual state of mankind, which it might be, is scarcely to be expected. To perfect it in this manner would require a great alteration in the present system of its management, the removal of circumstances, which, as it is now constituted, diminish its freedom, independent of any foreign control, and the addition of supports, without which it could never put forth its full strength and remain standing. It is evident, that every part of a public print which has been the work of private judgment ought to be received but as such; and it is evident, that, in whatever degree that judgment has been biased by personal motives or prejudices, it has perverted the purpose of the paper, and committed an error against the common

good of society. While, therefore, public Journals are under a control which can, by any possibility, by any subterfuges, or cloak of secrecy, elude the force with which its false opinions could be attacked if otherwise propounded, they must, of themselves, be very uncertain guides in any inquiry whatever. On the other hand, when they have not the aid of wealth, popularity, and very powerful and self-trusting talent to support them; if they speak truth, they will either never make themselves heard, or never be able to resist the opposition awakened. The greatest cause, however, and that which is most reprobated, of corruption in the public press, is the misrepresentations caused by party enmities, and the sinister designs of dishonest and factious partisans. But in this there is less cause for fear than is generally imagined. No great or dangerous falsehood was ever broached and acted upon in times of strong party agitation, and I apprehend, that, as things are at present with regard to the public press, and as we cannot look for its very rapidly becoming a perfectly uncorrupted medium of public information, that there is no time in which it may be more safely trusted, or in which, taking it all together, it better performs its office, than when party is most active against party, and every inch of debatable ground is fought for with the most determined eagerness.

Both the Constitution of England, and the national character of the people, have been long eminently favourable to the extended action of the public press; and to whatever circumstances its original establishment may be traced, it seems certain, had it been unknown in other countries, or had no policy of the court, or individual adventurer, contributed to its invention, that society would have proceeded but a very little longer in its accelerated course without the employment of this great engine of public opinion. It is, I believe, generally known, that the first Newspaper established in England appeared in the time of Elizabeth, and was, it is said, employed by her minister, Lord Burleigh, to prevent the circulation of false intelligence during the Spanish war. At their commencement, however, newspapers could hardly be considered in the light in which they are now to be viewed, for both the one I have just mentioned, and the earlier Italian ones, were mere calendars of Court proceedings, or bulletins framed and worded to suit the present purposes of the Government. It was during the time of Cromwell they took the character which has since distinguished them, and became those vehicles for the bold and unmeasured expression of opinion, which, in every period of agitation, they have subsequently been. Since their taking the form in which they have appeared of late years, they have been divided into two classes, answering to the different parties whose opinions they represent, or whose rights they pretend to advocate. One very important benefit resulting from this is, that, whatever party-violence may do in misrepresenting facts, or unfairly depicting the character of a public man, the world is sure to be made acquainted with the strongest arguments that can be brought in support of or against any particular opinion, is secured from any danger of being led blind-fold into harm, or of having its interests tampered with, either by the suspected opposers of them, or the connivance of unstable advocates. This useful quality of the public

press in England must always remain to it, so long as our national character continues the same, or the freedom of the press is itself preserved. While this is the case, the journals of all parties will have their use, and, as a part of the great political machine, will help to make it more perfect and more effective.

The present state of the public press in this country may be described in few words. It enjoys nearly unlimited freedom from legislative control; but the tyranny of courts is supplied by the tyranny of party. It is active and vigorous in its spirit; but it is often weak, changeable, and undetermined in its operation. It is eager in the pursuit of a present object; but it has no power of looking beyond it. It will grapple to the death with an enemy within its grasp; but it never grasps at any thing great and mighty, and out of the beaten track. It is a good and indefatigable collector of facts and incidents; but it is an uncertain and often faithless reporter. It is one of the safeguards of English liberty; but it is continually shaken and disjoined by English caprice. Its establishment is a consequence of public wealth and spirit, and it often panders to them with a most unblushing front. Lastly, it is the winged and ever-ready vehicle of opinion, filled and instinct with thought, but loaded with the rubbish of paltry speculations, or manufactured casualties, for ballast.

But my purpose, in offering these observations, is to introduce the remark, that, as periodical literature began with the introduction of public journals, its next step was taken in the publication of Magazines. These were a kind of off-set from the newspapers of the times, and marked, by their commencement, the progress of men's minds to a higher state of refinement. They had hitherto stood in need of some object of visible and present interest to attract their attention: they now began to find amusement in the abstractions of morality, in the generalising of their views, and in the less exciting appeals of agreeable fiction. From this period to the present, many revolutions have taken place in Magazine literature; but, as I have already alluded to them, I shall now proceed to make a few remarks on the principal periodicals of the day, which I divide into Magazines and Reviews, confining our consideration, at present, to the former.

The publication of this class, which first started in the new career of periodical literature, was 'The New Monthly,' to which the credit is due of having thrown a life and animation into magazines, which they never before possessed. Till this appeared, they were made up of a most heterogeneous mass of miscellaneous information and puerile fictions; and so orthodox a style did this appear for Magazines, that 'The New Monthly' itself appeared, originally, in the same character. It was not long, however, before it was discovered, that a refined taste in literature, the resources of elegant scholarship, and the rich stores of foreign observation, might be profitably employed in the construction of a modern Magazine. The Periodical, accordingly, of which we are speaking, turned to these hitherto unemployed objects of popular attraction, and became deservedly esteemed, as well for the solid merit of much of its contents, as for the novelty of the whole. A Periodical, however, of this nature, is on dangerous ground; and aiming, as it evidently does, at novelty and elegance, and a certain piquancy of style, it is almost sure to fall, sometimes, into affectations, and, at others, into a puerile and ridiculous flippancy. We accordingly find, that there is no Periodical which, on occasions, has so much the air of an ill-educated fashionable, as this generally delightful Magazine; none in which we seem so perfectly to see the strut, and little giffing artifices, of inexperienced coxcombs. Nothing can be more offensive to readers of good taste than such a mixture; and it is almost inexplicable how this leaven of affectation, this sort of fashionable pedantry,

can have been admitted into such a publication as the one we are noticing.

'The New Monthly' has also a strong political colouring, and, occasionally, a serious business-like tone of inquiry. In the former of these, however, it takes no higher stand than the least-talented newspaper, and is as little original in its views; but, in its latter characteristic, and whenever a subject of general utility is to be discussed, it speaks the language of sound and dignified reason, and rises above its proper rank as a Periodical. We may mention, in illustration of our remarks, the papers which appeared in it, on the subject of the London University, in which the good practical sense of experience, and the elevated views of benevolence and philosophy, were both eminently displayed. On the whole, 'The New Monthly' is well entitled to the popularity it has obtained; and could it be entirely freed from the affectations and puerilities, the appearance of cant and trickery, with which it is sometimes disfigured, its pages would be explored with as keen an appetite, by the retired man of letters, and the readers, whose taste has been rendered fastidious by drinking at a purer stream of literature, as they now are by the most eager and easiest satisfied of its purchasers.

The next Periodical to be noticed of this class, is 'Blackwood's Magazine,'—a publication which, both for the variety of talent employed on it, the known literary character of its principal supporters, and the intense and fervent spirit that breathes through all its pages, has the strongest hold both upon the mind and heart of its readers, that was ever possessed by a Periodical. 'The New Monthly,' elegant as is its general style, and interesting as are its contents, makes no impression upon the heart, and has no bright glowing associations belonging to its name. We read it, and we are delighted with its liveliness, its variety, and taste; but the remembrance of its contents passes away with the Number, and we cannot trace any new feeling, any enlarged admiration of the great and good, any deep thrilling hatred of the low and corrupt to the perusal of its pages. It is a good companion, but it has not enough of heart in it to be our friend, and we never knew it to possess a true hearty enemy. With 'Blackwood's,' the case is widely different; no one, we believe, ever read a Number of it, without having the depths of his bosom stirred up; his love of human kind, in one or another path of existence, awakened with a new fervour; his passionate grasp of some creed or principle, rendered still stronger and bolder; his hope or remembrances, bound about his heart with an increased assurance or tenderness. There is a recklessness, a sinning against, and breaking through of rules, a spirit of wild revelry, or desperate despite, throughout its composition. It is similar to the other modern Periodicals in its catching at the circumstances of the times, at the flitting and evanescent shadows and essences of the passing tide; but it groups and condenses them with a more magician-like power; blends them together by an element of thought brighter and more glowing, and brings them to the eye and heart in more palpable and familiar forms. In all these characteristics of style and manner, 'Blackwood's Magazine' is perfectly original; nor is it likely soon to have an imitator. The lofty talent and intellectual hardihood which have given it its present character, are of rare occurrence, and of still rarer union in such perfection; and it will probably remain alone, in its own peculiar province, till another age has brought about some new revolution in public feeling, and another impetus has been given to the hidden stream of thought, that has been waiting the filling of its channels and the cleaving of the rock. It is not, however, in point of style, or in its literary character only, that 'Blackwood's Magazine' is to be considered; for it owed a great part of its original popularity to claims of a far inferior description to those which it might at present put forth with a more honourable boldness. No

reader of Periodicals can forget the flagrant violations of literary justice,—the bare-faced attacks on character, both private and public,—the downright and determined opposition to the morality of public truth, of which it was guilty in its early numbers; and we are obliged to say, that, if its particular enmities, its untempered and excessive love of hacking and heaving up whatever it met with, be softened, the effects of its early propensity still remain, and its spirit is often imbued with as blinding a prejudice, or, if it be not so, with as dishonest an art, as ever darkened a human intellect, or perverted its power of good. 'Blackwood's Magazine' is, in fact, a true type of humanity, full of its proper energies, quickened by its pride, and all its loves and antipathies, rushing from its highest vantage ground, in pursuit of whatever objects attract its notice, and feeling in itself the power of a giant; but, with all this, having no aim but the obtaining of some present and particular purpose, and no impulse sufficiently powerful and constant to send it beyond the narrow bounds in which it is contented to spend its force.

But I must proceed to make a few observations on one or two of the other Magazines, which, though less extensively popular, and possessing a somewhat inferior claim to literary distinction, are, notwithstanding, of sufficient importance to merit a longer attention than can be here given them.—Among this second class of Magazines are to be noticed 'The Gentleman's,' the old 'Monthly,' and 'The London'; the two former of which have been, in their day, at the head of periodical literature. 'The Monthly Magazine' has undergone, during its existence, more changes in style and composition, than have been undergone by any other that can be named. It has been the vehicle of knowledge and inquiry to one age, and the organ of sceptical philosophy to another; and it is, at present, compounded of political essays, occupying one half of its pages, and the lightest species of literature filling the remainder. The great fault, accordingly, of this Periodical, is its utter want of a connecting principle in its composition,—the total absence of individuality, if we may apply such a term to a Magazine. The consequence of this is, a seeming tendency in its parts to fly asunder from each other, and a disadvantage given to its best and most spirited essays. For, having none of that assistance which is afforded to a composition, by the preparatory note already uttered, when a Periodical has a known and determined character,—they are confounded with the undigested mass of materials that surround them, and are valued by the generality of readers, at as low a price as the most indifferent piece in the collection. There are occasionally papers in 'The Monthly Magazine,' both of a public and merely literary nature, which are not, by any means, estimated as they ought, and the neglect is, in a very great measure, owing to the circumstances I have mentioned. But the best and most conspicuous feature in this Periodical is the space it devotes to what are termed 'Notes of the Month,' which are in general drawn up with a spirit and tact of observation that render them a most felicitous assemblage of varieties. Many other periodicals have attempted a similar thing, but they have none of them succeeded so well in it; and if 'The Monthly' possessed no other claim to attention, it would deserve it for this single but very striking feature of its present composition.

'The Gentleman's Magazine' affords, in its history, a striking contrast to the one of which we have just been speaking. While 'The Monthly' has undergone almost every variety of change, this has retained its primitive style and form; it has worn the garb of its ancestors from generation to generation, and spoken the same language that was taught it when it first stepped upon its career. There is something not a little curious in this; and it is not uninteresting to inquire, how it has happened, that, amid all the changes which periodical literature has un-

dergone since the commencement of this work, amid all the experiments which have continually been making on its different departments, in some instances ruinous, and in others successful.—'The Gentleman's' has been as unmoved a spectator as if it had been unborn of paper and print? The most obvious explanation is, that the subjects of which it treats undergo little variation, and are unlike those which depend on the changing character and dispositions of mankind. An answer of a similar kind may be given, from the consideration that the class of readers to which it peculiarly belongs, are a fraternity whose tastes, and habits of thinking, are not subject to violent alternations, and, especially, that to them every year of the Magazine's lengthened existence confers an additional value on its old original appearance,—on its double columns, filled with queries and replies, like the pages of a school-book on the Interrogatory System,—on the patriarchal name of the Editor, and the Saint John's Gate of the title-page. This veneration, however, for primitiveness of dress and style has been carried a little too far by the Proprietors of 'The Gentleman's Magazine.' It has lost, as every Periodical of the kind will always do, much of its original vigour, even in the branch of learning to which it is especially devoted; and, by its conductors being afraid, or unwilling, to attempt any change in its construction, they have had no means of supplying their lost strength from the freshly opened fountains of thought and opinion. This cannot be easily excused. 'The Gentleman's Magazine' has a claim, notwithstanding its devotion to antiquity, on more than mere antiquarian readers. Its age has made it public property, and there are few really literary men who would not deeply regret, if, either by negligence, or a growing indifference to its fate, it were left to lose more and more of its old worth, and the respect it once possessed.

'The London Magazine' is our next object of attention. This Periodical promised on its appearance, and during its first years, to be one of the most excellent that the press sent forth; and when it is recollected, that it was in this that Mr. De Quincy published those beautiful papers, the 'Confessions of an Opium-Eater;' and that it was in this the Essays of Elia, the whimsical but warm and tender-hearted Elia, appeared,—there will be found few readers who will not regret that its original spirit was not better kept alive. Lately, indeed, it has scarcely deserved the name of a Magazine, or any other than that of a mere Olio of indifferently selected matter; for, with the exception of a very few sprinklings of original writing, it has consisted of nothing but reviews, which were themselves made up of extracts, extended beyond all the bounds of the most latitudinarian principles that govern reviews. I am happy to learn, that a chance remains of our seeing this once spirited Periodical restored to its original rank, and presenting equal attractions with those it has lost. If this be the case, it may, probably, supply a chasm which is still open in our periodical literature, and which is left by the wide difference between the elegant and sparkling 'New Monthly,' and the high-wrought, passionate 'Blackwood's.'

I have now mentioned the principal publications of this description at present popular in England. There are several others of an inferior character, and many of a less general nature, and circulated only in particular classes of society. Of these, I do not think it worth our while to make particular mention. They crowd the list of periodical works; but they are undistinguished by any feature, except their uselessness. In one respect, they are to be regarded with considerable suspicion; for, their circulation being chiefly among persons whose whole literary wealth they form, the bad taste they exhibit, and the wrong opinions which they frequently propagate, make them a greater evil than is generally imagined. It also deserves remark, that, while works of this descrip-

tion take away the few shillings which a large class of readers can spare to gratify their wishes in these respects, they will be hindered from pursuing works of solid value, and such as are adapted to enlarge their minds, while they furnish them with a far better and more constant source of amusement. It is astonishing to see the almost incalculable number of light and cheap periodicals which have appeared within the last few years, and which, as long as they continued, must have been supported entirely by the least opulent class of readers. It is gratifying, however, to know, that the most indifferent of this kind of publications have been gradually disappearing, and others of a totally different character rising to supply their place, as objects of popular regard. 'Constable's Miscellany' is of this latter description; the tracts, also, published by the Society for Diffusing useful Knowledge are likely to furnish, if not too scientific, most valuable stores of information and entertainment to the general reader; but of the publications which belong strictly to the periodical class, and are intended to afford a cheap relaxation to the mind, there is one which we should be committing a fault to pass over without naming. We mean the admirable little work entitled 'The Spirit and Manners of the Age,' which, though confining itself to moral subjects, has a variety and liveliness in its pages which make it deserve to rank far above every other publication of a similar kind.

The rapid review which I have thus taken of the principal Magazines of the day, and of the peculiarities which distinguish them, suggests some important considerations. The first of these is, that our periodical literature has no national character, or strong pervading and assimilating element. It owes, as we observed at first, its present activity and extent to national circumstances; but, beyond its activity, it possesses few characteristic traits of real English feeling, and is by no means the mirror of our manners, habits of thinking, and social constitution, which it might be expected to be. This is sufficiently seen in the loose manner in which Periodicals of the same class and character hang together,—the total want of a style which, though varying in its tone, would have the expression of a common and connecting feeling, if such pervaded this species of literature,—and the mere adventitious circumstances, the chance occurrences, or the employment of money, on which a periodical is frequently found to depend, and without danger, for support. Were the case otherwise, were there a really good hearty sympathy existing between the people and the press,—could we be led to see that periodical works are, indeed, the prepared channels in which we may plumb the stream of our individual humanity, the open cisterns in which we may see the collected fountains that spring from our own country's soil, there would be a different feeling in the public mind respecting them, a closer sympathy with every bold attempt at their improvement, an associating of their names with household feelings and patriotic pride, a censorship set over their honesty and purity in the constant observation of the public, and a general and more popular interest taken in the progress and prosperity of the species of literature to which they belong. It is to be observed, also, that there are no indications, in the Magazines of the day, of aiming at any high standard either in morals, politics, or literature. It is to this, probably, we may attribute their general want of that strength and energy which only distinguish some occasional paper in them,—their wasting of their richest materials on the most paltry subjects, their throwing away their magic armour and their polished weapons for a barbarian's painted quiver and poisoned arrows, and their readiness to sacrifice truth and consistency for any temporal end or expediency. Lastly, I must mention a circumstance to which sufficient attention is not paid; and it is, that the most active spirits of the age, those from which springs

the current literature of the times, being employed in the composition of these works, and availing themselves in them of an unrestricted freedom to be consistent or not, or any thing but dull,—they acquire the habit of trifling where they should reason; of being paradoxical where they should be clear, bold, and convincing; of playing with our fancy, when they should seize upon the strong-holds of the heart; of aiming at nothing higher than being amusing, when there is a thirsty land calling from its barren furrows for the rich dews of a noble eloquence and wisdom. The consequence of this is the pollution or degradation of our national literature; and I must conclude with observing, that, if it shall ever owe its regeneration to one cause, it will be, I believe, to the rising of some master-spirits of the day, who shall have heart enough to desire, and intellect strong enough to work up our periodical literature as pure and energetic, as it is now bold and active.

MEXICAN ILLUSTRATIONS.

Mexican Illustrations, founded upon facts; indicative of the Present Condition of Society, Manners, Religion, and Morals, among the Spanish and Native Inhabitants of Mexico; with Observations upon the Government and Resources of the Republic of Mexico, as they appeared during part of the years 1825, 1826, and 1827. Interspersed with occasional Remarks upon the Climate, Produce, and Antiquities of the Country, Mode of Working the Mines, &c. By Mark Beaufoy, late of the Coldstream Guards. Carpenter and Son. London, 1828.

We have no objection to a writer coming before us, trusting only to his plain good sense, and the opportunities, however limited, he may have had of observation; but we have an utter abhorrence of an author who can laugh, where it is his duty to give unprejudiced information; or who can let his light and frivolous habits of thinking, lead him into treating contemptuously any thing that respects the great questions of human happiness or misery. We have not this charge to bring, in its full weight, against the author of the Mexican Illustrations; but he has certainly very narrowly escaped it; and so narrow is the distance from his light, free style, to one of culpable frivolity, that there is more than one passage in his book, which we are doubtful where to class. We are willing, however, to consider it as the production of a man not thinking very deeply, either on liberty or the consequences of slavery, and writing more from the dictates of present feeling, than any matured sentiments on the subject. Regarding the volume before us in this light, it is amusing and full of interesting anecdote, and well calculated to set us right on many points respecting the state of Mexican society, and the general condition of the country. The author has also some notices of a statistical and scientific nature that are valuable. Our extract, accordingly, shall be from a part of the volume in which he seems at home; for with all his levity and want of proper attention, to the seriousness of some of the objects he brings before our eyes, he possesses a shrewdness of observation, which enables him to write sensibly on matters of business or calculation.

'The Indians have a strong natural aversion to labour, and they will never work unless watched, or under a system I will presently explain; yet it is remarkable how much they will perform in their own slow and inefficient modes.

'Each mining district of any importance has a resident deputy from the college of mines; chosen annually, and vested with powers, which, in some cases, supersede all other authority. Thus, if a man who is in the employment of miners is arrested for any offence, the deputy can insist on the magistrate sending the culprit to work during the day, and only allow him to be imprisoned at night: so precise were the royal ordinances in favour of a department of industry, which is almost the only real source of wealth in the country; the only one which enables the inhabitants to pay for European goods, or furnish a revenue.

'The veins of silver were, no doubt, originally discovered by fires being accidentally lighted on spots where the ore "cropped out" on the surface; and some portion of metal became smelted and seen: adventurers then began to sink a shaft; or much more commonly to dig a hole in the vein itself, following the richer lodes in all their sinuosities, groping about, sometimes above, sometime below, but leaving nothing behind that was worth taking away.

'I have heard many professional European miners declare, that no workings could be carried on more devoid of all system than those of the Mexicans; and yet, in despite of all the very best of theories, the ignoramus had contrived to extract the precious contents.

'The Indians were not precisely treated as slaves, but certain rights were always exercised over them in regard to mining, which obliged a certain proportion of labourers to be furnished in each district, and to work at reduced wages. They were, in truth, hewers of wood and drawers of water; and obliged, in addition to the ore, to carry out mud, and other refuse in skin sacks, or sometimes wicker-baskets, on their backs.

'Whether I am correct or not in the conjecture I cannot say; but I have often thought when visiting the old narrow winding excavations of the natives, that men were capable of going further under ground, in that pure atmosphere, without a circulation of air than in denser climates: fire damp is, I believe, unknown, and wherever a candle will burn, there the air is not so much stagnated as to prevent breathing.

'When the workmen arrive at the opening of the shafts or levels, they strip entirely, except a cloth round the middle; then signing the cross, each takes a candle, and they commence a shrill dissonant hymn to the Virgin, which gradually becomes softened and pleasing as they recede from the surface. Certain regulations are strictly adhered to with reference to the relieving of the labourers, or allowing them to quit the enclosed space above, except at stated periods; a measure of precaution to prevent the purloining of the richer ore.

'Very few fronts are so wide as to admit more than two men abreast, but the vein can be attacked in many places at once; and to insure the industry of the miners, the system of task-work is adopted, with the addition of a certain proportion of all rich ore they dig out: it is likewise much more economical in the end, to make them a certain allowance for finding themselves with candles and gunpowder.

'If the shaft is perpendicular, a large wooden drum, turned by horses, raises to the surface a sort of sack, made of three great skins, firmly sewed together, and filled with water; for the use and mode of making tubs with staves is utterly unknown, and there are very few mines which have a level deep enough to drain a third part of their galleries. While this is going forward, the carriers work their way to the surface by means of notched poles put across a part of the shaft in a zigzag fashion; and they then give their load to the breakers, who knock the ore into pieces exactly as if they were going to macadamize a road.

'The quantity brought "to grass" by each individual would appear ridiculously small to those who are unacquainted with the difficulties of the low underground passages, and the fatigue of mounting several hundred feet of notched sticks; but it is the long established usage of the natives, and can only be got rid of by degrees, even in those mines where the shafts will allow of a bucket.

'A well-regulated establishment ought to have selectors of ore quite distinct from the breakers, to point out what is worth undergoing the additional expenses of amalgamation; but to this plan all the Mexican proprietors will, of course, object most strenuously, and insist upon sending every description of ore to the manufactory. Many excellent Europeans are also of opinion, that whatever is good for the native owner, must be advantageous for both parties; but I am of quite a different way of thinking. If I saw three bushels of wheat, and only reap two bushels, and am then obliged to give one of those bushels of produce to another person, it seems clear to me that I lose two bushels, and the other party gains one by the bargain.

'At the manufactory the ore is ground, or else pounded very fine under stampers, and then placed on an area most frequently open to the weather, but preferable if covered from the rain and cold; it is there wetted and mixed with certain proportions of salt and burnt pyrites, which vary in quantity on every occasion, and can only be known from long experience. This mud, which strongly resembles the scrapings of London streets, is well trodden and mixed together by men or horses; quicksilver is then squeezed through a fine cloth all over the heap, and the mass is again turned

over and kicked about for a long succession of days. Thus, according to circumstances of the state of the atmosphere, and various other causes, the mud remains from three to six weeks before it is fit to be washed; then it is put into a cistern of water, well stirred up, and allowed to run very gently down a long inclined plane or trough, as represented in the figure. The quicksilver having united itself with the minute particles of the precious metal, they are together heavy enough to sink and collect at the stops on the board, while the refuse dirt is carried off with the water.

'The greater portion of the mercury is got back by pressing the mass obtained from the washing; and the rest, except a certain loss which must occur, is obtained by sublimation, leaving the pure silver behind.

'As the great mass of Mexican Mine Proprietors had not manufactories of their own, they were obliged to send their ore to be amalgamated by other persons; paying them a fixed sum for a given quantity, and all the additional expenses of salt, pyrites, and mercury. It must, therefore, be evident, without my entering into prolix details, that the owner of the manufactory had very numerous opportunities of cheating the miner; and that all the energies of the latter were continually exercised to prevent his being very grossly robbed.

'The one would damp his salt, only half burn his pyrites, put bullets into the quicksilver to increase the weight, and, by carelessly washing the mud, gain a handsome profit from the refuse carried off. The miner, on the other hand, would calculate to an incredible nicety, what each quantity of the ore sent ought to yield in silver.

'The Germans, who added a great deal of economy in their arrangements, to much practical experience in silver ores, found, on trial, that many of the processes adopted in their native country, would not succeed in Mexico, and they very wisely gave up all such unproductive innovations and experiments immediately; satisfied with having ascertained the fact, without obstinately insisting that nature ought to have made all climates alike.

'Every German with whom I have conversed in the Republic, admitted candidly, that in judgment of the value of ores, in all processes of amalgamation, in shrewdness, and in those details they were accustomed to, the Mexicans were at least equal, if not superior to the Europeans; but that the great defect of their system, was in not endeavouring to concentrate the riches of a vast mass of ore into a small compass by means of 'percussion tables,' before they commenced so tedious and expensive an operation as amalgamation.

'The Mexican smelting furnaces are tolerably well arranged, the blast being driven by a column of water, according to the European improvements; but the German introduced new fluxes; and by means of the 'percussion washing tables,' and small establishments of management, they have, I am told, almost superseded the use of amalgamation, and have already sent net remittances to Europe.'

From the anecdotes which the writer has given of South American society, it is evident he possessed opportunities of extensive observation. We are only sorry he did not avail himself of them in a better manner; and that he has suffered himself to destroy the value, and much of the interest, of his book, by presenting himself to the public in the character of a story-teller, and that one of the lightest, when he might have been received in the more respectable one of a shrewd and intelligent traveller. We trust, however, if he be a young man, he will find out his error, and be more prudent for the future, in using his opportunities of good both to himself and the public.

CHARACTER OF THE ATHENIANS.

On the National Character of the Athenians, and the Causes of those Peculiarities by which it was Distinguished. An Essay which gained the Prize of One Hundred Guineas, proposed to the Students of Edinburgh, by his Majesty's Commissioners for visiting the Universities and Colleges of Scotland. By John Brown Patterson, A.M. 8vo. pp. 220. Waugh and Innes. Edinburgh, 1828.

The formation of national character is hidden among the wonders and metaphysics of history. The points which, at first sight, seem fixed and certain, after a closer inquiry, are found continually varying, and the particulars which have been carefully collected together in illustration of a

certain theory, are discovered to bear equally well on another and opposite one. But it so happens that half the writers upon national character fail to distinguish between what is fixed and what is varying, or between what may be discovered by a careful balancing of circumstances and the other methods of pursuing an inquiry, and what is of too subtle a nature, with our present means of knowledge, to be successfully pursued. It is necessary, we conceive, in the investigation of this subject, to remember that, in some respects, national character is never the same at two different periods; and that the description which is given of it in one age will only lead to mistake and confusion, if it be applied to another. On the other hand, it is to be received as past doubt that there is a principle comprehended in the constitution of every distinct society of mankind, or nation, that declares and preserves it the same; a something which may be compared to that mysterious centre-point of our earthly frame, which, it is supposed, preserves its identity through all its wastings and replenishings, but to discover which our faculties are most likely altogether inefficient. There are, however, it hence appears, two objects of inquiry to which a writer on this subject must turn his attention. The one, what has been a nation's character at different periods, and to what causes it has owed its peculiar tendency; the other, whether there be any peculiar feature belonging to it which may be traced through every variation, and found with the same expression under every circumstance; and, if it be so, what it is, and to what it owes its origin?

The admirable little work before us, on the Athenian Character, has not formally made this distinction; but its author has carried on his inquiries with so much ingenuity, and in such a philosophical spirit, that he has very finely marked the line to be pursued, whichever question may be started as the subject of discussion. It is, however, to be remarked, and Mr. Patterson's Essay strongly confirms us in the opinion, that the Athenian national character was, in its formation, different to that of other nations, and different in this respect. Other countries, in the various revolutions they experience, often produce violent changes in the general character of the people; so that an inquirer will have to begin his observations, as it were, from a new point. But the Athenian character was, if we may so speak, the development of certain innate principles from first to last, and possessed as perfect a unity, amid every political convulsion, as the character of an individual from youth to manhood and old age. It affords altogether one of the most curious objects of moral and political speculation that the history of the world contains, and the Essay on our table may be adduced as a proof of its connection with the most elegant departments of learning and philosophy. The style of Mr. Patterson, and the powerful manner in which he pursues the inquiry he has undertaken, will be seen in the following extract:

'The government of a people is, without question, the most powerful of all single causes in moulding its character. "Political constitution," as Isocrates says, "is the soul of a political body." It will master and control the influence of all other principles upon the national mind, if its spirit be inconsistent with theirs; and, if coincident, will invest them with a power of tenfold their intrinsic energy. The latter was the case at Athens. For the same scorn of limitations which was the characteristic of the Athenian civilisation, was the principle of the Athenian polity. It should seem as if, while the Pelagic savages yet roamed over Parnes and Lycabettus in a state of wild nature, they had the seeds sown within them of that love of liberty, or rather hatred of restraint, by which they were ever afterwards distinguished. Hence it happened that, when they at length submitted themselves to regular government, as it was their own voluntary act, the result neither of force, as happens in the case of national subjugation, nor of those natural and unwilling tendencies which gradually, out of the system of patriarchal authority, built up the oriental despotisms, the constitution of their state, though monarchical, was, from its

earliest age, remarkably liberal and free. From all the facts which can be ascertained in relation to the Cecropian monarchy, it is plain that the royal prerogative was exceedingly limited; that the king was rather the leader than the sovereign of his people; and that to them belonged the great mass of practical power. By the arrangements of Theseus, the most celebrated of all the Athenian princes, the government was rendered yet more decidedly democratical; and it is a remarkable circumstance to this effect, noticed by Plutarch, that Homer, in his catalogue of the different states of Greece which joined in the Trojan expedition, gives the name of *Δημος* to none but the Athenians. In these circumstances it was not extraordinary, (for the love of power is the most encroaching of all principles,) that a people, so strongly led by their imagination, and experiencing a daily advancement in civilisation, which made all sense of subjection painful, should, on the first convenient opportunity, rid themselves of monarchy altogether; or that they should do it after that somewhat fantastic fashion, which they, in point of fact, adopted, when, on the heroic fall of Codrus, they declared that none but Jupiter was worthy to be their king and his successor. That this was not a mere accidental event, but a result of the gradual progress of opinion, seems plain from the fact that almost simultaneously monarchy sank without a struggle, as if by a natural death, in most of the Grecian states; and that, even after the fall of royalty the progress continued regular through various more and more popular forms of oligarchy, till that too was swallowed up at Athens by the torrent of democratic feeling. The state of anarchy, however, into which when, the ancient checks on popular license were withdrawn, the Athenians soon found themselves precipitated, compelled them to have recourse to a more definite and chartered Constitution; though even in the act by which they sought to check their own unlicensed freedom, their democratical tendencies were strongly manifested in the circumstance, remarked by Aristotle, that they uniformly selected their lawgivers from the middle class of citizens. Accordingly, after an unsuccessful trial of Draco's sanguinary code, they appointed the wise and virtuous Solon unlimited legislator of the commonwealth.—Pp. 43—47.

Few things in history afford a more singular spectacle than the tendency to be found in the Athenian character, to submit itself to the power or guidance of some celebrated individual, while it contradicted, by this tendency, almost the first principle on which its most remarkable features depended. It is, however, to be explained by observing, that every one of those to whose influence it was for a time subjected, had been first the idol of the people, for some splendid virtue or his remarkable genius. No instance can be found of the Athenians being subjected to mere political expediency; but our author continues—

"The constitution which, under this commission, he delivered to his countrymen, and which, considering the time and circumstances of its composition, deserves to be esteemed a master-effort of sagacity, was, necessarily, democratical in its basis; though, at the same time, the legislator made it his object to provide sufficient checks on the popular despotism, in the prerogatives which he conferred on the senate of Four Hundred, and the tribunal of the Areopagus. Hence, when asked if he had given the Athenians the best possible laws, the sage replied: 'The best which they can bear;' a reply strongly intimating the strength to which the love of popular power, cherished by a singularly free development of mental character, had already risen at Athens, and his apprehension that it might be too late to check it, even by the restraints of his beautiful aristo-democracy. So in fact it proved. For while the laws, by which he had defined and guarded civil right, continued the objects of popular veneration down to the extinction of the Commonwealth, the Constitution was, almost immediately after its promulgation, suspended in the strife of parties, which terminated in the brilliant domination of the Pisistratide; and, even after having been restored on the expulsion of Hippias, was made the victim of various innovations destructive of the whole system of balances which Solon had wisely, but too insecurely, deposited. Step by step the Solonic constitution was melted down into a pure democracy. Clisthenes added indefinitely to the power of the people, by the institution of the Ostracism; and to their already excessive tendency to political meddling, by increasing the number of the tribes to such an amount, as to give every individual more or less a political part to play. This was

followed by the law, with which Aristides found it necessary, after the Persian war, to propitiate the ungovernable vanity of the victor people; the law admitting citizens, of the lowest class, to fill all public stations indiscriminately with the highest. The corruption of the constitution was carried on by Cimon, whose princely liberalities had all the effect of bribery upon the people, and by Pericles, when he applied the public treasury to a similar use. But the most fatal blow of all was that which the last-named statesman struck through his creature Ephialtes, in degrading the sacred prerogative of the Areopagus, that venerable senate, which, veiling itself in the darkness of night from all illusions of sense, and guarded by the severity of law against all appeals of passion and imagination, used to sit like a public conscience in its sanctuary, the watching genius of the Constitution and of civic virtue at Athens. Thus, the process of events, which had gradually concurred to invest the people with political power, terminated at last in the establishment of an unlimited and despotical ochlocracy; the union of all the powers of government in the hands of the sovereign populace; or, in two words, a democratical tyranny.

Nor must we forget, in this review, that the external fortunes of the nation had been as brilliant as its internal constitution had become licentious. The renown of victories which, with all the deductions made by the cynical Sallust and his followers, must still be called unparalleled, both for the heroism which achieved them, and for the place which they hold in the history of man, had enshrined Athens as in the centre of a glory. The genius of Miltiades and Themistocles had carried her to the pinnacle of renown for arms and diplomacy; the justice of Aristides had made her the acknowledged leader and treasurer of the Greek confederation; the adventurous bravery of Cimon had established for her a brilliant and extended empire; the sagacity of Pericles had consolidated the frame-work of her dominion, and made her structure worthy the place she held in Greece. All had combined to invest her with the command of the seas, and raise to an unexampled pitch of prosperity both her military and her commercial marine. She was the centre of an extensive trade, carried on, both directly, and through the medium of a multitude of rich and powerful colonies, situated in the mid-channel of ancient traffick; she was a manufacturing town so distinguished as to be accounted the inventress of all useful arts; and, in one word, she had become what she called herself, the most beautiful, the most wealthy, the most puissant, and the most glorious of commonwealths; the luminary of Greece, the terror of Persia, the envy of the world.—Pp. 47-52.

The other parts of the Essay are composed with an equal felicity of observation and language. Some of the remarks on the ancient mythology of Athens, on the system of national education, and on the arts of poetry and sculpture, which are dispersed throughout the dissertation, are of singular excellence, and we give our tribute of praise, both to Mr. Patterson for his very elegant Essay, and to the judicious awarders of the University prize, who directed its publication.

TEUTONIC ANTIQUITIES.

Teutonic Antiquities; or, Historical and Geographical Sketches of Roman and Barbarian History, &c. By C. Chatfield, Esq. 8vo. Pp. 270. Hurst, Chance, and Co. London, 1828.

To those at all acquainted with the bold and extensive researches pursued, by the modern Mullers, Bouterweks, and Hammers of Germany, into the early history and emigrations of nations, an undertaking like the one before us will appear comparatively light and unimportant. The historians of all countries, however, are bound to write with distinct national views, and the laborious inquiries and disquisitions, so eagerly and perseveringly sought after on parts of the Continent, where no great capitals call for the more active employment of the intellectual energies, would be, in great measure, useless in a country like our own, where the active and contemplative faculties must be maintained in more equal proportion. Few men among us have either opportunities or Stoicism enough to seclude themselves for the purpose of wrestling with some gigantic undertaking, in the shape of

twenty huge tomes, during perhaps more than the same period of time. But, with the Germans, this is another affair; it is a matter of course: they have no world of politics—no busy metropolitan pursuits and frivolities to distract them; they go to their task as to a *levee*, and commence with zeal what they effect with invincible courage and perseverance. If the intended work, indeed, exceed more than forty large volumes, as in the General History of European Literature and Science, it is considered prudent, in case of a demise, for a few writers to combine, allotting to each only ten or twelve volumes, which we believe to be the portion assigned, in this instance, to the learned Bouterwek.

Works of the same calibre, however, are no longer applicable to the wants and condition of this country. It is no longer in its youth, or in its zenith, like Germany; the age of its folios is gone by; and, though our literature be still green and vigorous in age, it can only be sustained by fresh grafting, and by correct cultivation; not by inserting fresh roots in a soil that has already yielded national fruits so abundantly. It must be ever vain and unprofitable to attempt to form a new literature for any country, much more for one like England. By rightly directing, indeed, and judiciously applying to new subjects, the national genius and characteristics; by forming abstracts and compendiums from the stores of the past, its reputation, doubtless, may become more durable and more widely disseminated. But, at this time of day, it would be intolerable for us to go over our old ground, and produce extensive original works, like the modern Germans, whose substantial disquisitions would be thrown away upon a people, familiar, as it were, with the luxuries of literature in every branch.

Had, therefore, these 'Teutonic Antiquities' now before us, run to the extent of some ponderous volumes, we should have augured by no means favourably of its utility, or its popularity, inasmuch as we believe it would have boasted too few attractions for an English public. The title alone might have been sufficient to deter many, indeed, most readers, from venturing farther; and, had the body of the materials corresponded with its sound and gravity, we incline to think that such a work must have been confined to the range of pure philosophers and antiquarians. Why Mr. Chatfield should have chosen to confer a repulsive name upon a valuable and useful little work, we are at a loss to conjecture; the more so, as it fails to convey a just idea of the work itself. For we should naturally enough have concluded, that, in addition to long and dry researches, it might have contained *bonâ fide* illustrations of camps, roads, monuments, hieroglyphics, &c. &c. So far from this, however, it is simply a series of historical views, explanatory of the origin and progress of the Northern or Scandinavian nations, calculated to impress general ideas and facts, and bring us acquainted with their movements, succession, and reciprocal influence on each other, with the growth of that mighty and wide-spreading tree, from whose branches the tribes of modern European nations are mainly sprung. The only kind of illustrated antiquities we meet with consist of genealogical tables of these nations, which, at least, serve to impress facts connected with their succession more firmly upon the memory. A more correct idea of this able and instructive little work, more adapted to general reading, and to public seminaries and libraries, than to the closet of the antiquarian, would have been afforded us by entitling it, as we observe in the Preface—'Historical Notices of the Origin of the States of Europe in the first and secondary Classes.'

In regard to the method observed by the author in treating his subject, it is at once clear and comprehensive; and he must be allowed the merit of having added to the perspicuity of his narrative by carefully preserving the chronologi-

cal order and marginal dates, for want of which so many historical Views fail to interest their readers. He has, moreover, the art of condensing his subject, without depriving it of interest, an art which so few writers of abridgments, besides Goldsmith, have succeeded in effecting. The

'Operosa parvus
Carmina iungo.'

was not esteemed a trivial task even by Horace; nor could it have been so in the present case, when, in the compass of nine moderate chapters, the author has dwelt upon the origin, movements, and vicissitudes of the successive tribes of Goths, Wisigoths, Ostro-Goths, Vandals, Lombards, Thuringians, Burgundians, Bavarians, Franks, and Britons. Of the real progress, the international influence, the several and combined effects of these Scandinavian tribes, history, it is known, presents many passages of a disputable nature; and it must have cost a writer no small pains, to steer his way clearly through conflicting statements, so as to preserve an equal tone of consistency and spirit to give effect to his narrative. This, however difficult as it would appear, the writer, for the most part, has attained; and, if there be nothing eloquent or brilliant in his style and descriptions, nothing remarkably striking or philosophical in his remarks, there is nevertheless nothing tame, puerile, and common-place. In some of the more interesting epochs of the history connected with the Lombards, the Burgundians, and the Franks, in particular under Charlemagne, the author always rises with his subject, and inspires us with an interest in what he describes. We may rank his account of King Clovis also, as one of the most pleasing. His conversion to the Christian faith presents a perfect picture to the eye. Treating about this period, in the year 495, the writer observes:

'These scenes of bloodshed at length gave way to more serene and agreeable prospects; the King of the Franks formed an alliance with Clotildis, daughter of Chilperic, Duke of Burgundy, and his marriage was speedily followed by his conversion to the Christian faith, an event accomplished by the mild persuasion of his Queen. He was baptised in the cathedral of Rheims; his subjects hastened to imitate his example, and the flatterers of the age bestowed on him the title of "Founder of the Franconian Church."

'It is related of Clovis, that, in explaining to him the doctrines of the gospel, his spiritual director read aloud the narrative of the Crucifixion, on which the King started from his seat, and, laying his hand on his sword, exclaimed with the enthusiasm of a warrior, "Would that I had been there with my Franks to defend him!" The faith of the new convert, it may be readily imagined, soon became visible in his works; and the petty states of France and Germany, which adhered to the tenets of Arius, were made sensible of the disadvantages of dissenting from the religious opinions of the King of the Franks.—Pp. 196.

The character and exploits of Charlemagne, during the 8th century, are sketched with considerable truth and spirit:

'This period is also memorable for the institution of gendarmery, persons of the rank of gentlemen, whose province it was to guard the person of the King. The were clad in a suit of complete armour, and mounted on horseback, followed severally by five or six attendants. It was also the first era of French literature; the learned languages and the works of ancient authors were introduced, and studied by the higher orders of the Franks, and the nation in general began to imbibe a taste for the arts and sciences.

'The titles of Charlemagne were, Emperor of the Romans and of Germany, and King of France and Spain: to these may be added the honorary appellations of Patron of the Arts, and Friend of Humanity. He instituted public schools, repaired and beautified the city of Florence, threw a bridge over the Rhine at Mentz, founded the cities of Dresden and Hamburg, stationed fleets at the mouths of the navigable rivers to repel the incursions of the Saxons, mitigated the ferocity of single combats by substituting clubs for military weapons, and despatched officers, at stated periods, to administer justice throughout his dominions. . . . Nor was the fame of this Monarch

confined within the limits of the Continent of Europe; it travelled into Asia, and history makes mention of an embassy sent to him by the famous Caliph Haroun Al Raschid, with sumptuous presents, amongst which was a tent of prodigious magnitude, containing all the apartments requisite to form a complete dwelling, and decorated with columns inlaid with gold and silver, and a throne ornamented with precious stones. The Caliph also presented him with a water-clock made of brass, of wonderful mechanism, which showed the hours by the fall of balls of metal on the bell, and by the figures of knights, who opened and then closed a stated quantity of doors according to the number of the hour.—Pp. 231, 232.

We must here, however, break off; though there are other portions of the work fully as spirited and pleasing. The subject is, upon the whole, new, at least to most English readers, and is treated in a manner calculated to render the history of our northern ancestors equally instructive and agreeable. It is, nevertheless, not free from faults—some almost unavoidable, from the disputable ground, and authorities clashing with each other. There are others, however, less pardonable, as, for instance, where the author, in treating of the same periods, but of different tribes, more than once actually repeats the same facts with a slight version of the story. (See pp. 95 and 131.) He might also have advantageously given us more historical references and authorities to satisfy the doubtful reader.

SCIENCE OF ZOOLOGY.

The Animal Kingdom Described and Arranged, in Conformity with its Organisation. By the Baron Cuvier, Member of the Institute of France, &c. &c. &c. With Additional Descriptions of all the Species hitherto named, of many not before noticed, and other Original Matter. By Edward Griffith, F.L.S., and Others. Parts XIV. and XV. 8vo. Whittaker. London, 1828.

We have observed with pleasure, for some short time past, the obviously increasing popularity of Zoological science in England. From the establishment of 'The Zoological Society,' and the distinguished names connected with it, we must anticipate a further increase of this popularity, providing, (of which, indeed, we see no reason to doubt,) that that institution be always regulated by the impartial spirit and freedom from unnecessary restriction, which can alone insure its success. It should never be forgotten, for a moment, that science is the universal property of mankind; that its interests can have no natural connection with the differences of country, of politics, or of religion; and that nothing is more disgraceful than their being compromised, in a single instance, through the influence of private feelings.

Considering the peculiar advantages which England possesses for the cultivation of Zoology, it is astonishing how long this science has been comparatively neglected among us. England is most favourably circumstanced for the improvement and extension of natural knowledge. Her ships that visit every shore for the purposes of commerce, her colonial possessions in the West, her gigantic empire in the East, her Australasian settlements, and, above all, her numerous, intelligent, and enterprising race of travellers, would seem to place her in a position, of all others, the most advantageous for the prosecution of the pursuit in question. In the last-mentioned particular, she stands unrivalled among the nations of the earth.

No country can produce an equal number of distinguished individuals, who, heedless alike of the allurements of pleasure and the suggestions of interest, have been carried to remote and inhospitable climes, where, among barbarous tribes, they have braved every danger, and endured every privation, actuated alone by the sacred thirst of knowledge, or the still holier claims of philanthropy. Nor will it be said, that, among those who remained at home, there was not an ample number, whose assiduity and philosophical acumen could turn to the best profit the result of foreign

researches. Notwithstanding all this, however, it must be owned, that, until lately, we were far behind our continental neighbours in the cultivation of some of the natural sciences, and more especially of Zoology; and though, within a few years, we have, indubitably, much accelerated our pace, it cannot yet be affirmed, with truth, that we have overtaken our competitors.

But we beg to be distinctly understood on this subject. When we say that Zoology has languished among us, we speak generally. We know that English individuals have pursued this science with as much ardour and success as the natives of any other country; we know that there have been, and that there are among us, geologists, comparative anatomists, and zoologists, as profoundly versed in the philosophy, and as minutely intimate with the detail of their respective studies, as any of the savans of Germany or France,—men, who need fear no comparison with the proudest names of which the Continent can boast. But there has been nothing like the same degree of encouragement, nothing like the same degree of general extension, given to these important branches of knowledge, in England, as abroad. They form no part of a liberal education; ignorance of them is deemed no disgrace, and an acquaintance with them is, in general, estimated at no great value. We have, ourselves, repeatedly met men of extensive information in other points, most grossly ignorant of the commonest principles of these sciences, and who could not make use of their commonest terms without the most egregious blundering,—who could not speak of divisions, classes, orders, genera, and species, without the most ridiculous impropriety and confusion,—who entertained notions concerning animal life and habits utterly at variance with all proven facts, and, in many cases, impossible to be true, because contrary to the invariable laws which regulate the co-existence of forms,—and who, in fine, would deny the relation of beings the most evidently congeneric, and unite together the most heterogeneous natures:

— ut
Serpentes avibus, gementur tigribus agni.'

This indifference to natural history, so much exhibited in this country, arises from different causes. First, from our all-absorbing passion for politics, the result of our popular constitution. Both abstract and natural science are much less connected with politics than literature is; and, accordingly, literature has been, and still is, much more generally cultivated among us, than either. Under an enlightened despotism, science may greatly flourish; but the atmosphere of freedom is essentially necessary to the growth and perfection of literature. Science has thrived even under the auspices of Oriental despots, and nothing is fatal to it but superstition. It sheds a lustre round the throne of an arbitrary prince, and cannot interfere with his interests, as literature would do. Men of science, too, are more abstracted from the world than literary men. Literature deals with the 'quicquid agunt homines,' and its cultivators cannot always avoid observing what is going on around them. The dramatic poet, and the novel writer, cannot always steer clear of politics; much less the cultivator of history and eloquence, with whose pursuits politics are inseparably wound up. But the mathematician and the naturalist have nothing to say to them. It was for this reason that the late Emperor of France encouraged science, and discouraged literature. To this encouragement the popularity of scientific pursuits in France, of late years, is, in a great measure, owing; and to the want of such encouragement, their comparative unpopularity here. However, to do our Government justice, it has, in this respect, been always perfectly impartial. It has encouraged neither science nor literature, and the result has been what might naturally be expected. The study which was most closely connected with our national habits, and which certainly is, in

itself, more attractive to the majority, has flourished most. Science, indeed, requires the sort of encouragement we have mentioned, more than literature. Its outside is not attractive enough, at first sight, to catch the superficial observer. Motives, extraneous to itself, must be held forth to induce its cultivation. A '*Jardin du Roi*' in France has done more for the extension of natural history in that country, than all the labours of private amateurs could ever have done without it.

This leads us to the second reason, which, indeed, follows naturally from the first. Natural History, not being popular among us from our habits, from its less obvious external attractions, and from the want of encouragement on the part of Government, has obtained no commercial value in England. This is a most powerfully influential cause of its neglect. It would operate any where; but here, from our essentially commercial character, it must operate more strongly than elsewhere. The value of every thing in this country depends upon what it will fetch. Nothing is esteemed, except in proportion to its demand, as a luxury, or its direct practical utility, as almost a necessary of life. Literature is in the first-mentioned predicament, and, accordingly, we find it a very extensive and profitable article of commerce. The Mechanical, Chemical, and Medical sciences, are in the second, and they hold the next rank in profit and popularity. As to Natural History, it is esteemed as little more than an object of idle curiosity to a few, from which no amusement can be derived, and no profit. It is neither a luxury, nor a necessary of life; therefore, it has no commercial value,—therefore, it is neglected; it is abandoned to the attention of a few gentlemen, whose independent fortune, or disinterested spirits, enable them to pursue knowledge for its own sake; and the profits of it, such as they are, fall to the share of Messrs. Cross and Wombwell, *et id genus omne*.

The third reason originates with men of science themselves, in this peculiar department. They have taken little or no pains to render this study generally interesting and attractive; they have confined themselves too much to mere classification, definition, and dry description, and neglected to render prominent what is important in the philosophy, and pleasing in the details, of the subject. Added to this, is the very unfortunate degree of complication and confusion existing in the nomenclature of many departments of Natural History. All this has proved a source, and a very natural source, of disgust, to many persons, against the study of Zoology. We regret, too, to say, that the evil, so far from being diminished, has increased, and is still increasing: almost every new writer on the subject deems himself justified in multiplying subdivisions, and coining new names, most of them more absurd and barbarous than their predecessors. There is no greater desideratum than a judicious well-digested manual of Zoology, in which there shall be no unnecessary multiplication of subdivisions, into which no new names shall be admitted, except for new species, and no more names than are absolutely indispensable. Were such a work once done, and well done, the sooner the systems of former nomenclators were committed to the flames, the better.

Such appear to us to be the principal, if not the only causes, which have retarded the progress of Zoology among us, and rendered too general the singularly ill-founded opinion, that the pursuit itself is uninteresting, if not uninteresting. The truth, indeed, is exactly the reverse. The study is

'Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose.'

There are, on the contrary, few studies better calculated to expand the mind, and gratify our natural thirst of knowledge. The gradation and inter-approximation of animal forms, amid whose countless variations a relation to a given standard can be traced, to one common and original type,—the

intimate relation between organised beings, and the local circumstances by which they are surrounded,—the structure of peculiar organs which necessitate a modification of all the others, and fix irreversibly the habits and mode of existence of the animal,—the varieties produced by accidental causes, and the grand and permanent distinctions, whose preservation has been guarded by jealous nature with impassable barriers,—the proportionate development of the intellectual principle following the varieties of organisation,—and, in fine, the astonishing results of that mysterious cause, which our ignorance has termed instinct:—all these are surely subjects of the highest interest, and constitute the essential province and peculiar charm of Zoology. The writers who unfold them are deserving of the gratitude and admiration of mankind, as much as those who employ themselves in disguising and degrading the science, by a cacophonous nomenclature, and a parade of barbarous latinity which fools think learning, are entitled to reprobation and contempt. There are many such in France, and some among ourselves, great men in their little circles: they do well to make the most of this; for they may rest assured, that, however highly they may rank in their own estimation, or in that of their coteries, the world neither knows nor cares any thing about them.

It is time, however, to turn our attention to the work before us. The design of it is extremely laudable,—it is that of combining the scientific and the interesting parts of Zoology, so as to extend the popularity of the subject, and the knowledge of its latest improvements and discoveries. It consists of a translation of the '*Regne Animal*' of Cuvier, and a very copious Supplement, containing every thing of interest and importance omitted in Cuvier's text, and drawn from the best authorities. To the preceding parts on the Mammalia, was added a synoptical list of all the species omitted in the '*Regne Animal*.' In the present parts on the Birds this plan is altered, and the omitted species are interspersed in the translation of the text, marked by a smaller type and an inner margin.

The Numbers now under our notice contain the Accipitres, Translation, &c., and Supplement, and part of the translation of the next order, the Passeres.

Our observations have extended so far as to leave us little space for extracts. We cannot conclude, however, without observing, that illustrations of this work continue to be executed, in the excellent style of the preceding Parts; and, consider the undertaking in all respects worthy of the patronage of the public.

LAW OF ELECTIONS.

A Digest of the Law of Elections; containing the Proceedings at Elections for all places in England, Ireland, and Scotland, with the Qualifications of Voters, &c. By Daniel Lister, Solicitor. 8vo. pp. 150. London, 1828.

This is the most convenient Manual of the Election Law that has yet been given to the public; and, without a simplification of the law itself, we do not know, indeed, how the subject could be presented, in all its extent, either more luminously, or within a narrower compass. The volume contains a very minute detail of the proceedings at elections in the different divisions of the United Kingdom, from the issuing to the return of the writ, in the course of which are given full copies of the orders, notices, oaths, &c., which have been enjoined by the Legislature, together with ample information as to every other point of practical importance. The special provisions that have been made for particular cases, are all, we observe, very accurately noted; so that there is no county or borough that will not find, in Mr. Lister's little work, a perfect guide or directory as to the formalities of the election ceremony. The laws with regard to the descrip-

tions of persons entitled to vote or interfere on the occasion, are very distinctly expounded in the concluding chapter of the book; and an enumeration is added, in the form of an Appendix, of the penalties to which returning and other officers are liable for neglect or wilful abandonment of duty. Abundant references, too, are made, under every head, to Acts of Parliament and works of legal authority, in support of the statements in the text. Lastly, the whole subject is comprised within a volume of only 150 pages, a circumstance which we certainly regard as forming not the least important recommendation of our author's labours.

Even one hundred and fifty pages is an extravagant amount of letter-press, however, for the exposition of either the Election Law of a country, or any other of its laws. Why might not the whole doctrine of the subject be contained in a single Act of Parliament, of such brevity that every man in the kingdom might easily, if he chose, commit it to memory? Under a rational system of legislation, this would undoubtedly be the case; for the forms of procedure established by such a system, would be few and simple, inasmuch as they would be contrived only with a view to the protection of the few and simple interests of the parties really concerned in the business, and not in subserviency, either to the random and unreasoning solicitations of accident, or what is still worse, to the preposterous claims and suggestions of lawyers. Our own Legislature seems, indeed, to have at all times proceeded very much upon the principle, that the law exists especially, if not exclusively, for the benefit of the lawyer. Yet, for this particular class in the community, the worst laws are evidently the best. Lawyers would starve under a system of perfect law; just as physicians would do in a country in which there was little or no disease. Their prosperity, as depending upon the law, is all made out of our sufferings under it; and the more it vexes and torments us, the more merrily, we may be sure, will they sing its praises. Had even our Election Law, for example, been less encumbered than it is by all sorts of unmeaning and mischievous complication, Mr. Lister would have been without a subject for his present publication. Not, certainly, that we think he does not amply deserve all the credit and profit his book may bring him,—for it is really, as we have said, a compilation of much merit,—but still it would undoubtedly be better, if the law could be made so short, and generally intelligible in itself, that such explanations of it would be altogether uncalled for. The oaths, and other useless forms and requirements, by which every chapter of it is overloaded, are calculated to yield a far richer harvest to practitioners, we are well aware, in another way than by the comparatively insignificant returns they can ever bring to the man who has happened to make them the subject of a successful publication. Indeed, such popular expositions as the present constitute the most formidable attack—next to the demolition of the system altogether—that can be made upon the monopoly of professional men; and Mr. Lister, we think, deserves the thanks of the public for the disinterested part he has acted, in arming us, as it were, with his practical protection against the dominion of himself and his brethren.

The Hebrew, a Sketch in the Nineteenth Century; with the Dream of Saint Keynor. Blackwood. Edinburgh. 1828.

This is one of the best attempts at conveying religious instruction by means of fictitious narration, that we remember to have seen. The tale is itself extremely interesting, the moral it inculcates is unquestionably good, and many of the incidental descriptions and sketches very admirable. We may mention, in particular, the account of a Jewish ball, and the narrative of an English officer's preservation when wounded and left for dead, by a kind-hearted searcher among the corpses of a battle-field. It is altogether a very interesting little volume, and calculated to afford amusement and instruction at the same time.

NAVAL EXPLOITS OF BRITAIN.

Geste Navali Britanniche, dal Grande Alfredo sino alla Battaglia di Navarino, Poema di Stefano Egidio Petronj. Edizione seconda. 2 Vols. 8vo. Treutzel, Wurtz, and Co. London, 1828.

THE idea of celebrating the naval exploits of Great Britain from the reign of Alfred to that of his present Majesty, in a single poem, is, at all events, sufficiently novel. Doubtless, too, a more heroic and glorious theme could not have been selected, had the author ransacked the annals of nations, whether ancient or modern, from this to Doomsday. It presents us with a continued series of splendid triumphs, and calls for little more on the part of a poet, than strong powers of eulogy, with a common share of historical knowledge and enthusiasm for his art. These, at least, we are ready to grant to the muse of Signor Petronj, which, if boasting nothing of the epic fire of a Homer or a Milton, always maintains her flight at a tolerably respectable distance from mere mediocrity and sing-song. Though not highly poetical, there is energy in his lines, and his management of the *versi sciolti*, (the Italian blank verse,) is at once varied and animated. His verse, indeed, has not the polish and power of that of Monti, Alfieri, Cesarotti, and Mazzoni, but it is equally free from carelessness and extravagance. The earnest and spirited tone of the language, likewise, supplies, in some degree, the absence of highly-gifted powers; and this is further recommended by the judicious method of selecting and treating his subjects in a series of epic books or cantos, illustrative of the most brilliant epochs of our naval history. These are, moreover, accompanied with numerous notes, as creditable to the author's knowledge of English history, as to his industry and judgment. He is not content with presenting us with a mere dry detail of facts; he gives force and freshness to them, as well as to his poetical text, by the political views and reflections with which they are interspersed. We may observe, in particular, of the reigns of Elisabeth, Cromwell, and Charles II., the very able and spirited style in which the poet characterises the most remarkable features of our national enterprise and achievements, and the most splendid passages in the lives of our great navigators and heroes of the ocean. As a single specimen, we shall give the speech of the Dutch Admiral Van Tromp, after his defeat, addressed to the States:

'Thus well thou spok'st, consummate is the worth
And valour of unconquered Albion's sons.
Had not the speedy succour of our gallant
And noble comrades reached me, I had been
Or slain or taken. Thou, too, De Witt, exclaimed'st,
Hear me, ye sovereign people! while I state,
Boldly, the truth, as now in duty bound:
The English are too powerful, 'tis in vain
We would oppose the monarchs of the sea.'

Pp. 230.

PARLIAMENTARY PRACTICE.

Advice to Solicitors on the Passing of Private Bills through Parliament. 8vo. London, 1826.

WE cannot better describe the nature of this publication than by a brief recital of its contents. It is especially intended to form a guide to solicitors in the passing of private bills through Parliament, and consists, in fact, chiefly of a methodical digest of the requirements in regard to this matter contained in the voluminous orders of the Lords and Commons, illustrated by frequent references to the practice of the two Houses, and by such occasional directions as to the most advisable mode of proceeding as the author's own experience enables him to lay before his readers. The work commences, accordingly, with a list of the bills requiring public notices, accompanied by a specification of the particular form of notice necessary for each, together with a very full summary of such explanatory observations as the subject seems to demand. The next two chapters treat of the map or plan which must be deposited with the respective Clerks of the House upon the introduction into Parliament of a bill for any intended undertaking, and of 'The Book of Reference,' containing the names of the owners and occupiers of the lands delineated in the plan. The whole of this information is afterwards very luminously disposed in a tabular form. Then follows a chapter on the

'List of Owners and Occupiers,' whose interests are to be affected by the undertaking, and whose assent has, therefore, been applied for. The 'Estimate of Expense,' the 'List of Subscribers,' and the Form of 'Petition,' occupy the three next divisions of the Treatise; the first part of which concludes with an enumeration, in regular order, of the stages through which every Private Bill has to pass in its progress through Parliament. Part Second consists simply of an exact reprint of the 'Standing Orders' and 'Tables of Fees' of the two Houses; without the insertion of which the author has, very properly, we think, judged that his work could not have been considered as complete.

From this short statement, the object and utility of the publication will be sufficiently evident. It will not, as the author takes particular pains to show, enable solicitors to dispense with the services of the Parliamentary agent; but it cannot fail to form a most important guide to them in regard to those preliminary duties connected with the getting up of Private Bills, which are considered as belonging more peculiarly to their own department. The subject of which the work treats is interesting, too, in no slight degree, to the public in general; to whose attention, therefore, we would beg to recommend the present exposition of it, as the most convenient and luminous that has come under our review. The author's public spirit was, we understand, last session of Parliament, the means of effecting the correction of many abuses and frauds connected with the passing of private bills; and the public are also indebted to him for certain improvements in the Tables of Fees of both Houses, which have been recently adopted. The book, we think it also right to mention, although first published towards the close of the year 1826, has been prevented from being sold till within these few weeks, by an injunction from the Court of Chancery, the operation of which, in the present case, has been attended with peculiar hardship to the author. We trust he will now find some compensation in the liberal patronage of the public, and especially of his own profession, for the consequences of this vexatious interference.

IRELAND'S LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

The Life of Napoleon Buonaparte. By W. H. Ireland, Esq. 4 vols. 8vo. Cumberland. London, 1828.

AMID the immense number of memoirs to which the career of the singular man whose life they record, has given birth, it is generally acknowledged, we believe, that none have appeared which do justice to the interesting subject. More surprise has been expressed at this than we think reasonable. It was not to be supposed, that Buonaparte would be more happy than other celebrated men in meeting with biographers uninfluenced by any of the ordinary prejudices of writers; or that, in the study of his character and times, we should possess more facilities for judging rightly than in the examination of any other historical character or period. We would ask of those who so bitterly lament the inadequacy of any of the numerous works which have appeared on the subject to effect its proper purpose, what period in ancient or modern history, or the actions of which men belonging to it, can be rightly understood through the testimony of one author? It is with regard to Napoleon's character and actions, as it has been with every other conspicuous actor on the stage of life; his merits and defects are only to be learnt by a careful examination of many and opposing observers.

The work of Mr. Ireland recommends itself, not for any high political character, but for containing a vast quantity of anecdote, and an amusing recapitulation of whatever is known respecting Napoleon's battles and general career. It is illustrated with several coloured prints, and is well calculated for a work of popular reading.

Flora Medica. Numbers 1 to 6. Callon and Wilson. London. 1823.

MEDICAL Botany is a study of such importance that it is surprising so few, and those almost entirely unscientific works, should be known among us. The present publication is well calculated to supply the want which both professional students and general readers must have felt in this department of science. The letter-press descriptions, as well as the introductory matter, afford a clear and succinct account both of the botanical character of the several plants, and their medical properties. The illustrative prints, also, are well executed, and are admirable specimens of lithography. We cordially recommend the work to the attention of our readers, as it is especially calculated to render the important uses of botanical studies more clearly understood.

CARTOONS OF RAPHAEL.

The Death of Ananias, drawn on Stone by G. Fogg, from the original Cartoon of Raphael, at Hampton Court; and dedicated with permission to Sir Thomas Lawrence, President of the Royal Academy. Engelmann and Co. London, 1828.

OR the original Cartoons of Raphael it is unnecessary to say a word. They are among the most perfect of the specimens of ancient art, which time has spared; and are of themselves a sufficient attraction to draw crowds of strangers annually to the palace at Hampton Court to see them. Any representations of these magnificent designs, which, by being moderate in price, can be generally possessed, deserves therefore especial encouragement; and such is the lithographic impression before us. It is the first of a series, intended to include the whole of the Cartoons, to be published at only ten shillings each, though the size of the drawing is about 22 inches by 14. At present, no good collection of prints from the originals can be procured at any moderate price. Holloway's, which are the most finished, (and are certainly splendid specimens of line engraving,) sold as high as *ten guineas each*; and although to persons of fortune these were better adapted than prints of inferior labour and inferior value, and were quite worthy of the highest patronage, inasmuch as the originals deserved the highest class of art to be applied to their transcripts,—yet, as there must be a very large number of persons possessing sufficient taste to value highly the masterly drawings of the Cartoons, to whom Holloway's engravings of them were unattainable,—in this class, at least, these lithographs of Fogg's, which are extremely faithful in the general character and effect, cannot fail to be highly acceptable.

VIEWS OF GIBRALTAR.

Six Views of Gibraltar, drawn on Stone, by J. M. Baynes, from the Originals, by H. A. West, Esq., of the 12th Infantry. R. Ackermann, Strand. London, 1828.

WE can speak personally as to the extreme accuracy of these Views. Gibraltar, indeed, is so remarkable a place, that whoever has visited it once, must retain vivid recollections of its peculiar features; and those who have visited it frequently, can have no difficulty in recalling every point and aspect of its singular scenery to mind. The first View is from the ruins of Fort St. Philip on the Spanish territory, looking south-eastward, giving a fine view of the perpendicular northern face of the cliff in which the Devil's Battery is placed, and which, overhanging the small sandy isthmus, called the Neutral Ground, which separates the almost insular rock from the main-land of Spain, resembles the Shakspeare Cliff at Dover, overhanging the British Channel at its feet. The second View looking north from the South Bastion, though faithful, is of less interest than the preceding, as being more limited in its extent. The third View, which shows the elevated and cloud-capt peak of Europa, on the summit of which the highest telegraph is placed, with the Governor's cottage on the winding road of ascent; the sea at the base of the rocky cliffs; the Straits of entrance to the Mediterranean Sea beyond, and the African mountains in the distance—forms a very striking picture. The fourth View, looking south from the New Mole, exhibits in a very picturesque manner the manner in which the fortifications are carried along the margin of the sea. The defect of this print is, that the sky is too heavy, and the coast of Africa hardly sufficiently in distance; the battery walls, and the beach beneath, are, however, exceedingly well portrayed. The fifth View, which is taken from the North Bastion, is faithful, and gives a good idea of the mingled effect of modern fortifications, rocky eminences, Moorish towers, and ordinary buildings, all of which are here united. The sixth View, looking from the New Mole Fort northwards, embraces a sight of the Spanish hills, with ships and boats at anchor, and completes a very interesting panorama of one of the most remarkable places among all our foreign possessions.

DIDOT.

THE superb and unrivalled printing-press of this patriotic and talented individual, has been purchased by the Bank of Brussels, and will very shortly be set at work in that city. The expected renewal of the censorship in France has thus deprived that country of an object which well justified the national pride with which it was regarded by the natives, and the admiration it excited in foreigners.

EIGHT DAYS AT BRIGHTON—BY A FOREIGNER
OF DISTINCTION.

No. V.

'Tont ce que vient du cœur n'est pas de la flatterie :
les flatteurs n'en ont pas'

I LEFT Lord S——d's early, intending to spend the remainder of the evening at Lady Mary S——d's, where I was invited. But, in spite of all my hurry, it was so late when I got to her ladyship's residence, that almost all the company had departed before my arrival. This little accident, however, procured me the pleasure of passing a few hours in the society of Lady Mary and a few of her intimate friends.

When I entered the drawing-room, the party were engaged in one of those philosophic discussions in which her ladyship takes so much delight. I felt myself incompetent to share in this profound conversation; and, as it is said that silence implies a certain kind of talent, I contented myself with remaining a listener. I thus enjoyed no small share of interest and pleasure, whenever Lady Mary spoke. I shall not presume to add my humble tribute to the admiration which her high talents so universally call forth; but I may observe that her ladyship has profoundly investigated many important philosophical questions, that she seeks and surmounts difficulties instead of evading them, and that the most enlightened critics are unanimous in the encomiums which her productions have elicited.

The company were occasionally diverted from the grave discussions in which they were engaged by the syren voice of Miss —, her ladyship's daughter, whose graceful fingers, lightly running over the keys of the piano, proved that she was equally accomplished as a player and a singer.

Lady Mary presented me with her work, entitled, 'The Perception of an External Universe.'—Madam, said I, 'I candidly confess that I shall be unable to understand it, without your kind assistance in the way of explanation. Such has been the unsettled course of my life, that I have hitherto had little opportunity for studies of this kind. But I am a docile scholar; and the lessons of an instructress, who possesses, as you do, the art of winning attention and exciting interest, can never be unattended with success.' Upon this her ladyship had the goodness to translate to me some passages of her work,—among others, that which treats of the faith due to miracles. To this last chapter might justly be added the miracle of a lady, devoting herself, in the flower of her age, to the task of collecting and deducing evidences of those important truths, which are not unfrequently the subject of sceptical controversy.

Before I left Paris, I had heard that an Indian, named Mohammed, had established some vapour-baths at Brighton, which were much extolled for their salubrity. The season was now too far advanced for sea-bathing, though many persons still persevered in braving the salt waves every morning. I wished to make trial of the Indian's baths, and to ascertain whether they deserved to be compared with those of Constantinople. I accordingly visited them at an early hour in the morning. I was enveloped in a cloud of vapour, confined in a flannel tent, and my limbs underwent a sort of friction or pressure, called *shampooing*, which produced an unusual sensation of vigour and power of activity. But the baths of Constantinople have an advantage over these. They are taken in a spacious marble chamber, in which the vapour is equal throughout; and when the temperature is raised to the highest degree, it is suddenly reduced by a shower-bath of cold water, which is one of the most powerful tonics imaginable. These new vapour-baths at Brighton are fitted up in that style of elegance which distinguishes all similar establishments in England. The proprietor Mohammed, who has made the art of bathing his peculiar study, is exceedingly

attentive in superintending the details. The efficacy of these baths is almost instantaneously felt.

On quitting the bath, after resting for a few moments, I repaired to the terrace of the jetty, to enjoy the bracing sea-air, and also in the hope of meeting with some of the sages of this modern portico. I was not disappointed. Lord and Lady H——d were there; his lordship mounted on his poney, and her ladyship seated in a little chaise, just high enough to enable her to converse with her friends in the ride; for here they were sure to meet almost every body they knew in Brighton. The members of this little out-door club were all on a footing of perfect intimacy. Lord H——d, who is at all times distinguished for his pleasing manners, appeared on these occasions more than usually remarkable for easy, unaffected frankness. These conversations, which, in spite of difference of opinion, were constantly maintained with good-humour, might, had they been recorded, have served alike for a code of *bon ton* and a school of politics.

Lord H——d and his friends were, when I joined them, talking about the affairs of Greece, and the influence which the support of the Greek cause would probably have on the political equilibrium of Europe. The name of Colonel Fabvier was mentioned, and I was asked whether I knew him. 'I frequently met him in Paris,' I replied, 'before he went to Lyons as Chief of the Duke of Ragusa's Staff. I lost sight of him when he was assailed by those unjust and unwise persecutions which forced him into a line of opposition totally at variance with his natural character. After a long series of calamity, he was driven to the greatest of all misfortunes, that of bearing arms against his country. The issue of the contest in Spain involved him in all that misery which falls to the lot of political victims, and in this forlorn condition I found him on my first visit to London. He was then engaged in chemical experiments adapted to the arts, and he told me that he had some idea of going to Persia, where he had left a brilliant reputation, when he was attached to one of the French embassies in that country. His absence from France seemed to prey upon his spirits, and his anticipations of the future were cheerless and discouraging. But the noble mind is exalted by misfortune, as the atmosphere is purified by storms. It was with no less surprise than satisfaction, that the newspapers shortly afterwards informed me of his arrival in Greece; and the noble cause he has embraced, will, I trust, like a new baptism, purify him in the eyes of those who, judging of things only by their results, have, perhaps, condemned him undeservedly.'

Two young ladies, attended by their governess, now approached Lady H——d. Their cheeks were suffused with that delicate but healthful tint which succeeds the more decided bloom of childhood, and the modest grace of their deportment rendered them exceedingly interesting. 'Those,' said Sir Robert, 'are the daughters of Lord G——le, our ambassador at Paris; the young ladies are here for their health.' The weather was most inviting, and the elegant promenade was thronged with carriages and fashionable pedestrians. 'There,' said Sir Robert, 'is Princess Esterhazy.' Her appearance sufficiently denoted her exalted rank; and, in her elegant figure and sweet expressive countenance, I could trace a striking resemblance to her aunt, the late Queen of Prussia. 'This place,' said I to Sir Robert, 'is a sort of universal panorama. I could now almost imagine myself transported to the banks of the Neva; for yonder I perceive a Russian nobleman; his fine countenance, portly figure, and, above all, his richly furred pelisse, remind me of one of the boyards of Moscow.' 'That,' replied Sir Robert, 'is no other than the Duke of Devonshire; however, your mistake is natural enough. For his coat has, I dare say, been brought from Russia, where he has lately been the representative

of our Sovereign, at the coronation of the new Czar.*

'Who is that lady,' I inquired, 'surrounded by her lovely young family?' 'That,' replied Sir Robert, 'is Lady Ux——ge, whose father-in-law has just been appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, or, as you would denominate it in France, the *Viceroy*. Her beauty would, indeed, add lustre to a throne. You will, perhaps, see her this evening at the ball; for, I suppose, you have not neglected to apply for your ticket. Contrary to our English custom, the ball will commence early, but nevertheless, I dare say, it will be kept up till day-light to-morrow morning. I intend taking my daughter, and if you will favour her with your company to a family-dinner, we will all go together.' I gladly accepted the invitation. Besides Sir Robert's family and myself, the dinner party consisted of Mr. Br——el, his two daughters, and a very agreeable young gentleman, named L——, a brother of Lord D——, who seemed to be a particular favourite of Sir Robert. I was struck with the singular resemblance of one of Mr. Br——el's daughters to the Countess Rosalie Rezewonska, with whom I was intimately acquainted at Vienna. I remarked the circumstance to Sir Robert, who had also known the Countess at Warsaw, and he concurred with me in thinking the likeness very remarkable. 'May I inquire,' said Mr. Br——el, 'who is the lady whom my daughter so much resembles?'—From her name, I should guess she is a Russian.' 'No Sir,' I replied, 'she is a native of Poland, and one of the most distinguished individuals in that country, as well on account of her high rank, as her many estimable qualifications. She is celebrated by an anecdote of which she was the heroine, and which borders closely on romance.' This was enough to rouse the curiosity of the ladies. Miss Br——el begged to be made acquainted with the adventure of her female socio, and, in compliance with her wishes, I related the following story.

At the epoch, when terror covered France with scaffolds and tears, a young lady, equally illustrious by birth and celebrated for beauty, the Princess Fanny Lubomerska, was in Paris. In the midst of the convulsion, she relied for her security on the protection of the law of nations, and devoted her whole attention to the education of her only daughter Rosalia, who was then in her sixth year. Nevertheless, she was denounced to the Revolutionary Committee as a conspirator against the Republic, and was brought before that sanguinary tribunal. To be suspected, accused, and guillotined, was, in a few days, the lot of this interesting victim. On being arrested and separated from all her servants, she was allowed to bring her daughter with her to the Conciergerie, and when the unfortunate mother was dragged to the scaffold, she recommended her child to the care of some of the prisoners who remained behind. These, however, in their turn, soon experiencing the same fate, transferred to others the unfortunate infant who was in this way bequeathed, *in articulo mortis*, from victim to victim. At last, little Rosalia found a protectress in a good woman, named Bertot, who was the laundress of the prisoner, who, feeling for the forlorn condition, and charmed by the interesting countenance of this orphan of the dungeons, added her as a sixth to the five children of whom she was already the mother. In this situation, so different from that for which fate seemed to have destined her, Rosalia showed that the qualities of her heart were as valuable, as the graces with which nature had endowed her person were attractive. Her sweet disposition, her eagerness to please her bene-

* It is always gratifying to see individuals whose names are associated with historical recollections. But, besides the distinction which an illustrious name confers, the Duke of Devonshire possesses that of being a liberal patron of the arts. The elegant verses translated by our poet Delille, refer, I presume, to the Duke's accomplished mother.

factress, in all of whose labours she shared, made the good laundress feel for her all the affection of a mother, and bestow on her the same tender care as on her own children.

The reign of terror having passed away, the list of the victims of that period, which was published in every country of Europe, informed the friends of the princess, that, in a land called free, an illustrious Polish lady had paid with the forfeit of her life, the confidence she placed in a people whom she considered generous. On receiving this distressing news, Count Rezewowski, brother to the Princess, hastened to Paris. He took lodgings in the Hotel Grange Batelliere, in the street of the same name, and anxiously endeavoured to discover some traces of the daughter of his unfortunate sister; but several weeks were unsuccessfully spent in pursuit of this object. Every means of publicity was resorted to in vain. The poor laundress never read the journals, in which the advertisements, descriptions, and proffered rewards, were inserted. The gaoler of the Conciergerie, who could have given some information respecting the orphan, was dead, and had already had two successors. Nothing now remained to promise a favourable result to the Count's inquiries. However, Providence, which had thought fit to close the period of the young orphan's trials, ordained, that she, who had been the laundress of the Conciergerie, should be employed in the same capacity for the Hotel Grange Batelliere. One morning Rosalia accompanied her second mother, when she had to bring her burthen of linen to the hotel. The Count, who happened to be crossing the court at the time, was struck with the beauty of the child, whose features brought his sister to his recollection.—'What is your name, my little dear?' said he. 'Rosalia, Sir.' 'Rosalia, do you say? Good woman, is this your child?' addressing the laundress. 'Yes, Sir, I think I have a good right to call her mine, since I have adopted her and maintained her for these three years; but though I say she is mine, I cannot say I am her mother. Her poor mother was a prisoner, and she has now neither father nor mother.' 'Her mother a prisoner, did you say?' 'Aye, and a grand lady she was, Sir, but she was guillotined along with others in Robespierre's time.'

The Count was persuaded that he had found his niece; but to be farther convinced, he made the experiment of speaking to her in Polish. On hearing the accents of her native tongue, Rosalia burst into tears, and throwing herself into the Count's arms, exclaimed, 'Ah! I understand you; that is the way my mother used to speak to me.' The Count had no longer any doubt; he pressed the child to his heart, exclaiming, 'Rosalia! Rosalia! you are my niece, the daughter of my beloved sister!' Then turning to the laundress, whom surprise had rendered motionless and silent, 'Worthy woman,' said he, 'be still the mother of your Rosalia, you shall not be separated from her. Since you made her one of your family when she was a destitute orphan, your family shall belong to hers in her prosperity. And now let us begin to share with you.' With these words, he put a purse of gold into her hands, and that very day provided lodgings for her and her children at the Hotel Grange Batelliere. Soon after he left Paris for Poland, whither Rosalia's second mother and the whole family also went. The children of the laundress were educated under the eyes of the Count with the greatest care. The boys, who were sent to the University of Wilna, afterwards joined the Polish army, and became Aids-de-Camp to Prince Poniatowski. The daughters received handsome portions and were married to Polish gentlemen. As to the Countess Rosalia, whom you, Miss Br—el resemble so much, she married her cousin, Count Rezewowski; and, when she related to me this affecting anecdote, opulence and felicity had spread their golden wings over her destiny. The good Madame

Bertot still lived with the Countess, who called her always her mother.

When I finished this narrative, Miss Wilson observed, 'You have related a story, Sir, which, perhaps, may fail to be recorded as it ought to be, but which deserves to be engraved in every female heart.'

Soon after, our ladies left us to make some addition to their dress for the ball; but, at their age, more than half the toilette is nature's workmanship, and they came down as soon as the carriages were announced. We soon drove to Ship-street, which is but a short way from Sir Robert's house. When we got to the Old Ship, we found the company assembled, and the ball begun. The spacious rooms were fitted up in a very superior manner. They even exhibited a degree of elegance and refinement which I little expected to see at a tavern. The view of the whole was, at first sight, really dazzling. The fair forms and faces which I beheld around me, presented all that angelic beauty, which I hitherto supposed had no existence but in the imagination of Raphael, and which no pencil but his could adequately pour-tray. I soon got separated from my party, and, as I wandered about in search of some one who, like myself, wished to be a spectator rather than an actor in the gay scene, I was lucky enough to meet my old friend, Mrs. Concannon. Now, thought I, I shall neither be a solitary, nor an unprofitable observer. I offered her my arm, and we took our places on an elevated seat, which commanded a view of the whole ball-room. The gay panorama was now rendered doubly interesting by the readiness with which Mrs. Concannon gratified my curiosity on every point on which I questioned her. 'Does not this remind you,' said she, 'of the Hall of Apollo at Vienna, which was so splendidly fitted up, and which used to be thronged by foreigners from all parts of Europe.' 'The Apollon-Saal, Madam, was much larger than this room; and, if I recollect right, it was fancifully adorned with shrubs. The company also was generally more numerous than this; but I may safely affirm, that I never, on any occasion, beheld so dazzling an assemblage of beauty as is collected here to-night. There is such an enchanting air of freshness and purity about young females in England, that they may, without any poetic extravagance, be compared to opening flowers and unsunned snow. Their appearance of innocence and candour is even more captivating than their regular features and brilliant complexions.' 'Your remarks, Sir,' said Mrs. Concannon, 'apply admirably well to the four young ladies who are dancing in this quadrille. They are Miss Ric—ds—, Miss F—x, Miss K—p, and Miss St—rt. Is it not like one of Albano's pictures set in motion?' 'But tell me, Madam, who are those young officers who are dancing with them. It appears odd that they should wear their swords. Is it for their own personal convenience, or for that of the company, that they bring the emblems of war into a place consecrated to the elegant and tranquil amusements of peace?'—'Oh,' said Mrs. Concannon, 'that is one of the fashionable follies of the day; a piece of caprice, and bad taste, which, I have no doubt, will be relinquished before our next ball. Do you observe the lady who is coming this way, and who seems oppressed with melancholy, in spite of all the gaiety with which she is surrounded?'—'I think,' replied I, 'that I saw her this morning, in an elegant carriage, in the King's Road.'—'Very likely you did,' said Mrs. C. 'She is one of the richest heiresses in England, and her dejected appearance sufficiently denotes that wealth is an irksome burthen to her. She cannot determine on the choice of a husband; and it is said, that she has even refused the hand of one of our princes of the blood, an alliance which would have raised her to the highest rank in society.'—'Alas! Madam, she is greatly to be pitied. Care and anxiety seem to have preyed deeply on her health and spirits.'

If I might venture on a Latin quotation, I should say,—

'Fortuna magna magno domino est servitus.'

'Translate it, if you please, Sir.' 'It means Madam, that great fortune makes the possessor its slave.' 'Here is a contrast to this melancholy picture,' resumed Mrs. Concannon; 'look at that young man, whose cheerful open countenance seems to indicate perfect happiness. Such is the opposite effect produced by different circumstances and feelings. The lady possesses wealth, and the gentleman only hopes to possess it.' I inquired the name of the gentleman. 'He is,' replied my fair interlocutor, 'Mr. Charles Th—on. His grandfather's absurd will occasioned the passing of an Act of Parliament, to prevent the recurrence of similar cruelty and injustice, for such undoubtedly it is, to disinherit four generations for the purpose of making one of our descendants richer than any sovereign in Europe. Mr. Th—on's son is destined to enjoy this accumulated wealth. He is a lovely boy,—the image of his beautiful mother; but, when he attains the age of the lady of whom we were just now speaking, he may perhaps justly apply to himself your Latin quotation. The lady who is sitting opposite us, and whose mild and dignified countenance so well harmonizes with the elegance of her form and the richness of her dress, is the Baroness D—'. Beside her, sits her beautiful sister, Mrs. M—ng, who, during her long residence in India, has acquired that sort of voluptuous Oriental grace, which is observable in all her motions.' 'I have the honour of knowing those two ladies,' I said, 'and I can bear witness that your eulogium does not exceed their merits;—but will you be kind enough to inform me who that young lady is, who dances so gracefully in the quadrille, at our left?' 'She is Miss Sm—th, the niece of Mrs. F—b—rt. To her Parisian education, she is perhaps indebted for the singular elegance by which she is distinguished. She speaks French with the utmost purity, and she excels in every accomplishment; and what is certainly not her least merit, she is as modest as she is beautiful. Her partner is Lord Charles R—l, the son of the Duke of B—d.' 'Ah!' said I, 'there is something about him which strongly reminds me of his mother.' 'He is in the army,' added Mrs. Concannon, 'where I have no doubt he will honourably maintain the historical fame of his family.'

After the quadrilles, waltzing commenced. 'This, of course, reminds you of Germany, and the happy days we spent at Vienna,' said Mrs. Concannon. 'I presume you like waltzing, were it only for the pleasing recollections it revives.' 'I do, indeed, Madam,' I replied, 'in spite of all that is said against it in Goëthe's "Werther." I could almost affirm that the gentleman who is dancing with that young lady, whose slender waist is encircled by a sky-blue sash, had learned to waltz in Austria, which is the native land of waltzing. Who is he, pray?' 'That is Mr. W—er, one of the most distinguished of our young men of ton. But his recent marriage with a young lady of very amiable qualities may, perhaps, wean him from his fashionable follies, and teach him to seek happiness in the duties and pleasures of domestic life. His partner is Miss S—i, who is remarkable for that exquisite beauty of which she herself appears so unconscious. The couple by whom they are followed are Lord U—ge, the son of the Marquis of A—sea, and the graceful Miss Gib—s, who has passed some time in Italy and France, where she has received instructions from the best masters. She paints like an artist, speaks several languages, and even understands Latin and Greek. But what enhances all her charms, is the pains she takes to conceal her superior acquisitions. The group now advancing are the Ladies O'B—en, their sister, Lady Susan H—m, and the Misses H—n.'

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have the pleasure of their acquaintance, Madam,' said I, 'and nothing can exceed the admiration and respect I entertain for them. Were we to study the manners of high life from such models, we should trace pictures, whose bright lights would more than counterbalance the shadows we should be obliged occasionally to throw in.' 'If you please,' said Mrs. Concannon, 'we will retire to the refreshment-room.' 'With great pleasure, Madam, perhaps I may there rejoin my friends, from whom the charms of your conversation have so long separated me.' 'Oh! said Mrs. Concannon, the young ladies have, of course, been dancing; and as to the gentleman here, as well as everywhere else, to do as they please, is an indispensable condition in all their amusements.'

CONTINENTAL SCENES.

No. I.—THE MURDER.

DURING the middle of last summer, I was travelling through the delightful provinces in the east of France. Thus agreeably engaged, I frequently availed myself of the delicious fragrance which pervaded the mild evenings of the month of August, and wandered alone amidst the splendid scenery on the banks of the Rhine. On one occasion, I strayed mechanically towards the village of Housen, situated near Colmar. The sun had already set, though a glowing streak of red still marked its departure in the west; while, from the opposite horizon, the moon, like a timid, blushing nymph, rose from out the silvery clouds. The Queen of Night gradually rose, and pursued her course uninterrupted through the azure vault of heaven, or occasionally rested on an accumulated mass of clouds, whose broken shapes and shades likened them to the lofty summits of snow-topped mountains. Her mild and dawning light rapidly assumed a vivid brilliancy, which glittered through the foliage of the trees, and illumined the deepest recesses of the wood, or played upon the waters of the noble stream which flowed through the plain. I contemplated with delight this enchanting scene, and could not, in my enthusiasm, but exclaim, with the poet—

Eloigne tes pavots, Morphée, et laisse moi
Contempler ce bel astre, aussi calme que toi.
Cette voûte des cieux mélancolique et pure,
Ce demi-jour si doux levé sur la nature,
Ces sphères qui, roulant dans l'espace des cieux,
Semblent y ralentir leur cours silencieux;
Du disque de Phœbé la lumière argentée
En rayons tremblottans sous ces eaux répétées,
Ou qui jette en ces bois, à travers les rameaux,
Une clarté douteuse et des jours inégaux;
Des différens objets la couleur affaiblie,
Tout repose la vue, et l'ame recueille.
Reine des nuits, l'amant devant toi vient rêver,
Le sage réfléchir, le savant observer.

The sky was clear, the air calm and serene, and the rays of the moon broke through the darkness with their pale light; the freshness of the night fell upon the earth and cooled its burning heat; the husbandman had long left his labour, and retired to his peaceful dwelling: all was tranquillity and repose, and no sound was heard, save the mournful cry of birds of prey, the distant step of some lonely traveller, or the hollow roar of the impetuous waters, as they dashed upon the rocks in their course.

I sat at the foot of a tree, and looked with wonder and delight upon the sublime scene that lay before me, and my thoughts were of the hidden Being who had created such works of grandeur: I was absorbed with these reflections, when the hour of one struck from the church of Hausen and warned me to retire.

I rose and walked slowly away; as I came near a bridge at a short distance from Colmar, I saw something like a human figure stretched in the road, and, on approaching the spot, found it really was a man lying senseless. At this moment I heard the noise of an approaching carriage; it was the Strasburg mail, and was driving exactly in the direction of the body. I called to the postillion, but either he heard me not or the horses

ran away; for the carriage proceeded with redoubled speed, and, soon after, I heard the crush of the wheels passing over the head of the unfortunate being in the road. I hastened towards him to give every assistance in my power, but, alas, he had ceased to exist.

It was now between two and three o'clock, I removed the corpse to the road-side, and proceeded with all haste towards Colmar. I informed the officer on guard at the gate of the city, of the event which I had just witnessed; and we were preparing to return to the spot, where the disaster had taken place, when a person, covered with rags and tatters, entered the guard-house, and surrendered himself a prisoner, declaring, at the same time, that he had just assassinated a man. I looked at this unhappy being; he was in the prime of life, about the middle size, but much emaciated. The extreme paleness of his face was still more conspicuous, from the jet black hair which nearly covered his forehead. His look was steadfast, and his countenance bore the character of profound melancholy, and fixed resignation. There was something in his whole appearance so unusual and so unlike guilt, that he inspired me with compassion, rather than with horror. I was present when he was brought before the authorities to be examined: he said his name was Joseph Ignatius Platz, a native of Switzerland; that he was on his return from Russia, where he had lived for several years in a situation little removed from slavery. Forsaken by the whole world, and reduced to the necessity of begging his bread, he had become weary of the wretched existence to which he was doomed, and had formed the resolution of committing some crime which should induce the laws of his country to relieve him from the burthen of life, which he was no longer able to support. He said, that he had, on the preceding evening, on the road to Strasburg, near Colmar, between the hours of eleven and twelve, met a man uttering dreadful imprecations, that he had seized the stranger's stick, and beat him over the head until he fell down dead, and that he was now come to deliver himself up to justice, to punish his atrocity and rid him of a weary existence.

The spot this unhappy man described as the scene of his guilt, was precisely that on which I had found the lifeless body of the man who had been crushed by the Strasburg mail. I was also present at an inspection of the corpse of the murdered man, who was a Jew, named Heyman, well known in Colmar, where he had spent the day on the 2d of August; the murder was committed on the 3d. The surgeon who examined the body observed, that, according to my report, the head had been crushed by the wheel of a carriage, but whether his death was occasioned by that circumstance, or whether Heyman had ceased to live previous to that accident, it was almost impossible to decide. He was, however, of opinion, that, had he been dead any length of time, at the period of the wheel passing over his head, the effusion of blood would have been less abundant; that some would have flowed through the apertures of the fractured bones; but that the large wound in the face would probably have been less liable to such copious bleeding.

This declaration enlightened immediately my mind; I hastened to the prison in which the wretched Platz was confined, and, by dint of persuasions and entreaties, I prevailed on the unfortunate man to acknowledge that he had not committed the murder of which he had accused himself. 'You have extorted my secret from me,' said he, looking steadfastly at me, 'do not divulge it; do not take from me the hope of being soon in presence of my Judge, my Creator, my God; and he took up a small prayer-book that he had laid down on a seat, on my entering, knelt down before an image of Christ, which he had fixed to the wall, and shedding a flood of tears, and striking his head against the walls of his cell, he began to read aloud the psalms of the dead.

I hastened to inform the magistrates of the confession which the unfortunate Platz had made; one of my friends was intrusted with his defence, and we succeeded, by our entreaties, in making him promise to tell the whole truth before the Court. 'Then I am again to be condemned to live,' said he bitterly; 'why will you restore me to an existence that I abhor?' We tried to reconcile him to life. 'You have not only exchanged the inhospitable climate of Russia,' said his generous defender, 'for the soft sky of France, but you have passed from the station of a slave, to that of a man. Will not this give you a claim to the assistance and sympathy of your fellow-men? Many will succour you without your knowing the hand that supports you, many a generous heart will seek to bind you to existence by the tie of gratitude; and you will then bless the day that gave you for judges humane and noble-minded men.' Platz shook his head doubtfully, and we left him to prepare his defence.

The trial was fixed for the 7th of December. As a witness, I was obliged to be present; the Court was crowded, and, in the countenances of those present, there was more of pity than of that feeling of horror which crime generally inspires. Platz was brought to the bar of the accused; he bowed his head before the image of Christ placed over the President's chair; and, after making several times the sign of the cross, he sat down, and it was evident from the motion of his lips that he was praying.

'Platz,' said the President, addressing the accused, 'you stand charged with having committed a murder.'

Platz, (inclining his head,) replied, 'God's will be done!'

The President continued—'You have several times declared that you were guilty of the crime.'

Platz rejoined—'I have said so, it is true, but I am not guilty; my declaration was contrary to truth; I am indeed a sinner, a wicked man, but I have not committed this murder.'

'Then,' asked the President, 'why did you accuse yourself?'

(To be concluded in our next.)

A CHAPTER ON HAIR AND BEARDS.

'God, when he gave me strength, to show w'hil
How slight the gift was, hung it on my hair.'

Samson Agonistes.

ABULFEDA, the Arabian historian, relates, in his memoirs of Saladin, that, when the Franks were rapidly acquiring the upper hand in Egypt, the Caliph, in his terror, implored Sultan Murad-din's aid, and accompanied his earnest entreaty by the homage of his wives' absconded locks. An inquiry into this passage, which has proved a Gordian knot to more than one learned cranium, will afford a more amusing occupation than would, at first sight, appear 'to square with the occasion.'

From remotest antiquity, the hair of the head and chin has been cherished with a degree of respect, bordering, among Eastern nations, upon positive veneration; nor has even Jew, Turk, or Russian, in our own days, departed from the predilection of their forefathers for this once revered adornment of the 'human face divine.' We are informed by Pocock, that, when the Egyptians permitted their slaves to wear beards, the mere permission denoted that they were restored to freedom. A greater insult or disgrace could not be offered to a person, than to deprive him of his beard. The loss, indeed, of the hair, either of the head or chin, was of itself symbolical of vassalage; and we may judge of the excess of idolatry, to which this prejudice in favour of the lock and beard was carried in ancient times, by the supernatural potency, which Samson ascribed to his hair.

The Greeks, it is true, were accustomed to clip their locks, and, in general, did not allow them to descend below the shoulder; yet, that it

might not, on this account, be inferred, that they were bondmen, they scrupulously sacrificed the first rape of those locks to some favourite deity. The haughtier Greek, however, prided himself on suffering his hair to grow at full length and flow, in copious tresses, down to his waist or elbows, and delighted in having it said of him, not that he was 'polished,' but that he 'wore long hair.' The reverse of this custom prevailed among the earlier Christians, who considered it a proof of humility to have their heads shaved, precisely after the fashion of the Thracian slaves, whose distinguishing mark was a bald pate, with a tuft of air on the crown of it. It is more than probable that the tonsure of monachism arose out of this practice.

The hair was equally a token of freedom among the Arabians. Combatants, releasing their prisoners without ransom, cut off a lock from their brows, and carefully preserved it in their drinking-cups, as a proof that it had stood in their power, either to slay their captives, or retain them as slaves. It was also customary, at the celebration of the baptismal ceremony, to present the sponsor with a locket of the infant Christian's hair, as a sign that he was consigned to the care and protection of the party responsible for his nurture in the true faith. From this custom sprang the ceremony of cutting off the hair, which the Greek Church ordains to be celebrated on the eighth day after baptism, and the Latin Church equally admitted among its rites in earlier times. Nor should it be forgotten, that among the various modes of adoption formerly practised, one of them consisted in shaving a child's head: in proof of this, it is recorded, that, when Charles Mastel, the French major-domo, sent his son, Pepin, to Luitprand, king of Lombardy, he entreated him to cut off his hair, or, in other words, to adopt him as his child.

At a later period, we find Bormund, prince of Antioch, when taken prisoner by the infidels, sending a confidential message to Baldwin, subsequently king of Jerusalem, with a lock of his hair in token of his captivity; and, on another occasion,—that of the Saxon's breaking out into rebellion against Clochaire of France, and defeating Dagobert, his son, in Holland,—the latter despatched one of his suite, with a lock of his hair, requiring instant succour from his parent.

Surely, enough has now been adduced to show that, when Saladin, who deemed himself the mightiest of all earthly potentates, sent the locks of his wives to Muraddin, he meant to intimate that he was reduced to the last extremity, and apprehensive of seeing those, who constituted his dearest treasure upon earth, dragged into foreign slavery.

Before we take leave of the reader, we will glean for his amusement an interesting fact or two, not unconnected with these topics, from the annals of our Gallic neighbours, the lords of taste and fashion in a semi-refined age.

Of old, a lengthy beard not only distinguished a native of Gaul, from the inhabitants of the various countries his prowess had subdued; but was esteemed a badge of honour: every youngster, in consequence, felt himself bound to bestow a more than common care on the first shoots of his chin and lower lip. Towards the end of the eleventh century, however, William, Archbishop of Rouen, thought proper to declare war against long hair and beards, and carried his hostility to such a pitch, as to prevail upon a Council, held in 1096, to issue a decretal, that all such as irreligiously persevered in wearing their hair long, should for ever be excluded the pale of the Christian church, as well as the benefit of being prayed out of purgatory after their decease. Custom, however, is second nature, and the laity refused to be shorn by the clergy. Zealous and gallant defenders arrayed themselves on the side of the 'bearded party,' and such was the fury with which the point was contested, that either side could boast a number of victims in its own good

cause. But the most melancholy consequence arising out of this broil, was Lewis the Seventh's permitting his beard to be absconded, and becoming thereby so despicable an object in the eyes of his consort, Eleanor of Aquitaine, that his days were not only bereaved of all domestic peace, but he was at last obliged to divorce himself from her. Within a period of six weeks' time, she became the wife of Henry, Duke of Normandy, and subsequently King of England; who received the provinces of Poitou and Guyenne, as her marriage portion. From so trivial a cause as this, may be said to have arisen that succession of wars, which desolated France for a space of three hundred years afterwards. Three millions of Frenchmen lost their lives, because an archbishop chose to denounce the use of beards; a king allowed himself to be shaved, and a queen-consort considered him a contemptible puppy, from the moment he attempted to salute her cheek with a smooth chin.

In the course of time, beards went out of fashion, and remained in banishment, until Francis the First restored them to their quondam dignity; their cousins-german, the ringlets and long tresses, however, had continued to maintain their reputation, until that monarch, meeting accidentally with a blow upon his head, was compelled to undergo the operation of the tonsure, and, in order that he might divest himself of the appearance of a monk, took immediate care to promote the growth of his hitherto beardless chin. From this moment, every dandy about the court decorated his phiz with a long beard, whilst the juriconsult and ecclesiastic continued to strut in beardless gravity. Dating from the reign of Henry the Fourth, human ingenuity was actively engaged in devising perpetual variations in the form and cut of the beard. Some wore it round, others in the fashion of a fan, some in ringlets, and others of a long, narrow, pointed shape, like a cat's tail; it was tended day and night, perfumed, anointed, and deposited in a bag, when the owner sought his pillow. Its ultimate fate merged into the retention of a diminutive tuft below the under lip, and the creation of an upper beard—the renowned mustachio.

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THE second volume of M. Fougerey's *Soirées de Neuilly*, has had an immense sale. The fidelity of the description of Malet's extraordinary conspiracy is felt by all; but the most attractive portion of the volume is the Proverbe, entitled the *Stationnaires*. In this little production, the sentiments and conversations of our different political parties are most happily portrayed. The Buonapartist ridicules the old Marquis de Monville, who, in discussing the affairs of Greece, is against going to war with the Grand Turk, on account of his legitimacy; while, on the other hand, the emigrants smile at the simplicity of Generals like Delorme, who fancy that the French nation is still attached to Buonaparte and his family. But the most humorous scene in the piece is that which ridicules the affected seriousness now so much in vogue among our young men. The author portrays a grave youth, who, instead of making love to the girl who is destined to be his wife, entertains her with a long discourse on *Statistics*. To satirize this prevailing affectation, required some degree of courage; for the class of young men at whom the author has aimed his ridicule, are the contributors to our principal literary journals, in which Fougerey will no doubt be set down as an exceedingly immoral writer. The first edition of the *Soirées de Neuilly* was sold in twelve days. In the second edition, which was published yesterday, several passages are suppressed. Some of the individuals alluded to in Malet's conspiracy are still living, and are

a little ashamed of the part they acted on the 18th and 19th of October, 1812.

For example, Corporal Rateaux, the innocent Aid-de-Camp of Malet, is now residing at Brussels. He, however, has made no remonstrance on the subject of the publication. The author has softened down many circumstances in the original trial of Malet, which was taken down in short-hand.

A copy of this trial, accompanied by some very curious manuscript notes, has been lent to me. In one of these notes the following particulars are mentioned:—Napoleon was subject to fits of sentimental jealousy, and, when in Egypt, he is said to have been less distressed by the miseries to which his troops were exposed, than he was tormented by the thoughts that Josephine might forget her duty to him in his absence.

During the whole of the passage from Alexandria Frejus, he was constantly thinking about the sort of reception he should experience from his wife. He even ventured to speak on the subject to his friends. 'If,' said they, 'our wives meet us with tears, that is a bad augury; but if, on the contrary, they receive us in a natural way, it is a sign that they have nothing to fear, and that they set scandal at defiance.' Buonaparte exercised all his ingenuity, and that was not a little, to avoid appearing ridiculous, when conversing on this delicate subject with his friends. But this was no easy matter. The rest of the officers were infinitely more concerned about the reception they might experience from the Directory, than they were about meeting their wives. If the Directory had acted with firmness, they would all have been shot.

Buonaparte, having landed, proceeded immediately to Paris; but his wife was not there. Two roads lead from Paris to Lyons. The General took the Burgundy road, and Josephine, who set out to meet him, took the Bourbonnais road. On his arrival in Paris, the General spoke of his wife with affected indifference. His friends, imagining that ambition alone occupied his thoughts, alluded, unreservedly, to some levities of which Josephine had been guilty in his absence. The General determined on having a divorce, a resolution in which he persevered for the space of three days. Duroc, however, convinced him, that, by resorting to such an extremity, he would only make himself ridiculous, and that he would never find a better wife than Josephine. Buonaparte, who was ardently attached to her, was easily prevailed on to forgive her. It is droll enough that he used to ridicule Berthier, (who was passionately in love with Madame Visconti,) because he used to forgive his mistress for proceedings similar to those of which Josephine was guilty.

Our clever and inexhaustible dramatist scribe has just brought out his one hundred and tenth piece. It is a melodrama, intitled 'Yelva,' and the story is that of a Russian dumb girl. In the first act she is seen in the Luxembourg gardens in Paris. In the second we find her at Wilna, where a duel is fought between her brother and her lover, and, by the violent agitation of her feelings occasioned by this event, she obtains the use of speech. The piece has proved exceedingly attractive, though the critics have found fault with it. Mademoiselle Leontine Fay performed the part of the dumb girl very effectively. At the age of twelve, this actress was considered a juvenile prodigy; but she is not esteemed above mediocrity now that she is twenty.

A picture by Horace Vernet, now exhibiting at the Salon, is much admired. The subject is Edith seeking the body of Harold on the field of battle, where he was slain by the companions of William the Conqueror. It is painted quite à l'Anglaise, that is to say, with an utter disregard of finish in all the minor parts. This picture has been executed with singular rapidity. It was begun on the 5th of January last, and was exhibited on the 5th of March.

MADAMEISELLE SONTAG—THE BEAUTIFUL OPERA SINGER.

[At the present moment, when public curiosity is so highly excited, respecting this celebrated singer, who is to make her debut at the King's Theatre on Tuesday next, we feel much pleasure in presenting to our readers the following article, extracted from Dr. Granville's forthcoming work, entitled 'Petersburgh at the close of 1827,' which has been obligingly communicated by a friend of the author.]

On the very day after our arrival, (October, 1827,) we found all Berlin in an uproar, and people running in all directions to procure a ticket, an admission, or a corner in a box for the Opera, for the purpose of hearing Mademoiselle Sontag. Entreaties, bribes, extravagant prices for a place, were all in turn resorted to, as the only means of gratifying a wish which seemed to animate at one and the same time, the whole town. I soon found that the inhabitants were positively wild about this much-talked-of Mademoiselle, and I insensibly caught the general enthusiasm. What was mere curiosity on my part, to hear this celebrated songstress, of whom so many and singular romantic reports had circulated in England, was soon changed into an irresistible desire to be present at her performance in the evening. In this, however, I should have been disappointed, but for the kindness of the English Chargé d'Affaires, who, very fortunately, sent me in the afternoon a ticket for his box, just as I had received the despairing news from our landlord and valet de place, that it was found impossible to procure an admission for that evening, either for love or money. At a very early hour, the house was crammed full. The King, two Princesses, and I do not know how many Princes Royal, the Duke of Cumberland, and a long string of grantees, all glittering with stars and crosses, attended the representation. With the exception of his Majesty, who sat in a side box on the stage; they all occupied a magnificent box in the centre of the house, brilliantly illuminated, hung with a rich drapery, and highly ornamented with mirrors and gilding. The company assembled on the occasion, formed a striking *coup d'œil* for Berlin. The boxes boasted of all that is *choisi* in society; among the ladies there was a fair sprinkling of beauty; but the sweet countenance of Lady B—, who graced the box in which I had the honour of sitting, and who had just returned from a trip to Moscow, by way of spending the summer holidays, was easily distinguished from amongst the fairest Berlinois, and, from the first of her entering the house, attracted universal attention. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, on perceiving her ladyship from the Royal box, came round to pay her a visit, during the lead-footed minutes which hung heavy, and slowly elapsed, before the long-wished Opera began.

At last the Orchestra, consisting of about double the number of performers that compose the orchestra of the King's Theatre in London, struck up the magnificent overture to *Winter's* new Opera, entitled 'The Interrupted Sacrifice,' (Das Unterbrochen Opferfest,) which was divinely executed. No one can form an idea of the difference between the performance of this, or any other piece of music, by a German orchestra, and the orchestra of any other nation, who has not heard both. One of the highest gratifications which a successful composer can enjoy, must be that of having his productions executed in such a style, and in so admirable a manner. When the uproar which the much-applauded overture excited had ceased, all eyes and eye-glasses were, at once, directed towards the stage, watching with impatience for the appearance of the idol of the night. At last, *Mirra* entered, and every hand was instantly in motion. The star—the comet,—the attraction,—the Henriette Sontag, Königlich Kammersängerin, of whom poets, sonnet-writers, newspaper-compilers, prose-composers, and travellers, have made so much of, stood before us. Her beauty dazzled me

—her singing pleased and disappointed me.—She is slender, rather *petite* and *mignonne*. Her countenance, like that of Canova's nymph, is full of sweetness and heavenly radiance, which belongs more to the *beau idéal* than to mortal reality. I would say, that her foot is the prettiest thing imaginable, if her hands were not prettier still. She is faultless as to teeth, which the sweetest smile imaginable, for ever hovering round her mouth, sets off at every warble in all their glory. Her *chevelure*, between auburn and blonde, is magnificent; and, to conclude with the most essential part, the quality of her voice is, beyond measure, pleasing, and she possesses great and remarkable facility; yet, with all these attributes, she is not a first-rate opera singer—lacks judgment—is indiscriminate in the introduction of ornaments—knows no method, and belongs to no school. Of all these negative qualifications, the first only it will not be in her power to alter. Nature has refused to her the two principal requisites towards forming a first-rate opera performer—expression both of countenance and in the tone of her voice, and a commanding person. Mademoiselle Sontag can never attempt the grandiose style; she cannot depict strong passions, and is as much the reverse of Pasta or Pizaroni, as any singer can well be. She is, in fact, a pretty thing—a pretty singer, a pretty *bijou*, and nothing more. Madame Catalani was quite correct when she said, that 'Elle est la première dans son genre—mais son genre n'est pas le premier.' It is impossible not to agree with this description. My own disappointment at her performance, however, was not very considerable after all; for I could have listened to her warblings, and looked at her beautiful person, for ever. But my expectations had been raised too high; I expected a *cantatrice di primo cartello*, and I found only an agreeable songstress.

Mlle Sontag's voice is a soprano of a pleasing, clear, and sonorous *timbre*. She can reach the high E without screaming. The flexibility of her organ has seduced her into that peculiar style of singing, which made Madame Catalani the wonder of musical Europe for a few years; but which disables the performer from ever being a scientific singer. It is this quality of the voice, united to the personal gifts so profusely lavished by nature on this favourite daughter of her's, that brought Mlle Sontag forward as a miracle on the German stage, and made her at once, without any preliminary step, a precocious *prima donna*, at the age of seventeen! But the first station at the Opera cannot be held on such easy terms. There must be science, and we must have acting and correct declamation. We require a just and impassioned conception of the character to be represented, a classical acquaintance with the drapery of the subject, to constitute a real *prima donna*. Now, none of the ornamental singers, whose astonishing facility for flourishes, roulades, and chromatic notes, lifted them up precociously to the seat of pre-eminence for a time, have ever possessed any of those important qualifications. The necessary time for acquiring them has been spent in receiving premature applause to the one dazzling gift of nature, a flexible voice, rendered more seductive by personal beauty. Such applause has spoiled all these Infant Lyras; and, in their adult years, they have found themselves deserted. Who could have patiently listened to a Catalani, any night, within the last twelve years? On the other hand, look at Marno, Banti, Camporesi, Pasta, Pizaroni, toiling through the difficulties of the profession, moulding their taste to the best models, forcing their early way through hisses and chilling silence, and, at last, compelling the capricious public to bestow admiration and applause, where they displayed but indifference. They become absolute on the stage, and retain their post, with increasing credit, to the end of a long and brilliant career.

The part of *Mirra* is suited to Mlle. Sontag, except in the last two scenes, where she is re-

quired to represent great feeling and acute distress of mind. In both these she fails. Her unalterable sweet face is the same under the influence of pleasing as afflicting passions; and the extent of the expression of her large beautiful eyes consists in lowering them with the bashfulness of one of Carlo Dolce's lovely Madonnas, or in raising them toward heaven with the swimming tenderness of an expiring Cleopatra. These two movements are introduced into every character, and at every step of the representation, succeeding each other at times with unceasing rapidity. If ever Mademoiselle Sontag visits London, the frequenters of the King's Theatre will not be long in remarking this singular limitation of power in a lady, who, I doubt not, will, nevertheless, be received with enthusiasm. Such loveliness as hers is sure of reigning supreme in that house, the emporium of gallantry and fashion.

On the following evening, the same enthusiasm and ardour prevailed at the representation of the 'Barbiere' of Rossini. This master is now, *gouté*, as much in Germany as he is in Italy or France. The part of *Rosina* seems to have been written expressly for Mademoiselle Sontag. She is unequalled in that character, and leaves even Fodor behind her. Her bewitching grace, and the charm of her fine voice, in 'una voce poco fa,' heightened, no doubt, by the faultless beauty of her person, drew down such thunders of applause as had never been heard within the walls of the Berlin Theatre. The Germans are perfectly enraptured with their charming countrywoman,—the more so as her private character is spotless, and her conduct perfectly lady-like. Exposed by being placed on the stage not so much to temptations, (which real virtue can withstand, in any station in life) but to calumny and illiberal reflections, Mademoiselle Sontag, being without any female relatives of consequence, has selected, it is said, from amongst her acquaintances, a lady of the strictest morality, the widow of a superior officer, to whom she allows a very liberal pecuniary consideration, to be constantly with her on all occasions and in every place. She is, moreover, guided by the counsels and shielded by the patronage of an eminent foreign diplomatist, resident in Berlin, whose age and high character are a sufficient guarantee of that lady's unimpeachable conduct.

For the twelve representations for which she was engaged at Berlin she received 600 louis d'ors, and the receipts of the last night, expense free. The administration of the national theatre made her an offer of 4000 ducats (20000 sterling) for a season, which she rejected; probably owing to a previous engagement with the Parisian manager.

In the French capital, Mademoiselle Sontag is also a very great favourite; but the French admiration for her talent does not, like that of the German, border on extravagance. She has performed at the 'Théâtre des Italiens,' in some of the first master-pieces of Rossini. In 'Tancredi,' unquestionably one of the most magnificent productions of that composer, she does not appear to advantage. The part of *Amenaide* is too full of sentiment and elevation of character to be at all represented with effect by an actress and a singer of the calibre of Mademoiselle Sontag. She seems aware of this, and consequently omits one or two pieces which require much and sweet expression. The *Amenaide* of Mademoiselle Sontag is a coquette, looking almost too innocent for such a character, but still a coquette, elegant, graceful, agile, smiling, bewitching, but not the *Amenaide* of Rossini. In 'Otello,' again she has attempted the character of *Desdemona*, and has failed, even in the opinion of her fondest admirers. Her pretty figure will not yield to the impressions of tragic emotion; her destiny is to shine and be unrivalled in the Opera Buffa. If she appears on the London boards, and consults her own credit and fame, she will select for her *début* 'La Donna del Lago,' 'La Cenerentola,' or 'Il Barbiere di Siviglia.'

On my return from Russia to England, I had the good fortune of again hearing this popular singer in Paris. The performances were 'La Donna del Lago' and 'La Cenerentola.' In the former opera, Mademoiselle Sontag had, by her side, a most powerful rival for public favour, in Signora Pizaroni, that giant of strength, grandeur, and energy, in both singing and acting,—that unparalleled *contralto*, some of whose notes thrill through the veins, and make the very heart quake against the course of nature. This circumstance seemed to give her more animation. From the moment in which she sung a beautiful duet with Pizaroni, her voice, her taste, even her science, I was about to add, seemed at once to improve. She strove to give more energy to her action, and more expression to her sweet face; but with little success. Mademoiselle Sontag must stuv, for some time, the great Italian models of her art, before she can hope to succeed in her praiseworthy efforts, or equal this great singer, in whose company she has been so often performing. Without exaggeration, I may say, that in no country in the world have I been a witness to the degree of rapturous and enthusiastic expression of applause which followed the conclusion of Madame Pizaroni's cavatina, 'Oh, quante lagrime!' The ardent passion, the affecting melancholy, the anguish of mind, pourtrayed by that extraordinary performer in the course of this cavatina, with a display of mastery of her art seldom equalled, and never surpassed, by any other singer,—positively turned the head of most of the *melomanes* in the crowd, who, with screams and vociferations, clapping of hands and beating of sticks, hurraing, and vivaing, and waving of handkerchiefs, and throwing of flowers on the stage, testified, for some minutes, their conviction of the superiority of science, taste, action, and voice, unassisted by a single spark of feminine beauty, over mere beauty and facility of execution. These are the models that Mademoiselle Sontag will see the necessity of studying.

The 'Cenerentola' is, in the opinion of many, one of Rossini's best productions in the comic style. Many of the principal songs and *pezzi concertati* in it, had been sent forth to the public by their eccentric composer, in other operas, with a view to try the taste and judgment of the connoisseurs respecting them. Those were ingrafted in the 'Pietra di Paragone,' performed at Milan in 1812; in the 'Turco in Italia,' which appeared also at Milan, in 1814; lastly, in 'Otello,' which was first played at Naples in 1816; and, being afterwards collected together, they were introduced as the *forte* of the 'Cenerentola,' the first representation of which took place at the 'Teatro Valle,' at Rome, in 1817. Mademoiselle Sontag has taken great many liberties with her part in this opera, and has made transpositions of keys, which are not always compatible with what is to follow. She is very fond of singing in G. This, indeed, appears to be the key in which she can mostly display the extent and power of her voice. One of her most successful transpositions is that in her cavatini in the finale, which, from E, she raises a tone and a half to G. This cavatina may be assumed as a favourable specimen of the utmost which this sweet songstress can do. She descends to the G below the lines, sliding over, in the prettiest manner possible, a chromatic scale of great extent, with a grace and neatness that are absolutely irresistible. Her appoggiaturas are expressive; her sostenutoes, firm, clear, and sonorous; the silvery tone of her voice is delivered with a well-managed breath; she is daring, and launches, at all hazards, into a sea of flourishes, of the result of which, she appears not to be certain, but which is generally successful, and concludes by darting towards the audience these heart-melting glances, which have called down, in Berlin, and which will call down in London, if she comes hither, thunders of applause.

'THE LITERARY GAZETTE,' AND 'LONDON WEEKLY REVIEW.'

If mere controversial victory had been our aim and object, in the observations, contained in our last Tuesday's Number, on the conduct of the two Journals named above, the issue would have abundantly answered all our expectations: as the first has offered no extenuation or reply whatever, and the Editor of the last, unable to justify his conduct by reason, has recourse, as is usual in such cases, to personalities of the most unwarlike nature. But we were actuated then, as now, by much higher motives than mere desire of triumph; and, conceiving it a duty we owe to the public, as well as to ourselves, to expose whatever is calculated to delude their judgments, by unfounded assertions in fact, or erroneous inferences in argument, we shall steadily pursue that course to the end, undeterred by taunts or threats, which have no terrors but for the guilty. With 'The Literary Gazette' we have done; our business is now with 'The London Weekly Review.'

In the article put forth by the Editor of that work, on Saturday last, as an answer to our observations of the preceding Tuesday, the main points of our charge, (namely, the arrogance of its self-eulogy, and the inconsistency of such conduct in parties who originally set out with a denunciation of this system, when observed by others,) are altogether evaded, and personal recriminations substituted. The several heads of these we will enumerate.

First—It is attempted to enlist the sympathy of pacific minds, by asserting that "'The London Weekly Review'" never attacked Mr. Buckingham or his Periodicals; that, on the contrary, 'it had spoken indulgently of him on more than one occasion, and should have preserved this pacific conduct to the end of the chapter, but for this wanton and uncalled-for attack,' which, it is insisted, was commenced by us! But, how stands the fact? It is admitted, in the same article, that 'The London Weekly Review,' did, purposely, speak 'contemptuously' (and, we will add, unjustly) 'of Literary Periodicals in general;' and it now avows that 'it could not conscientiously make an exception in favour of Mr. Buckingham's labours,' and, therefore, did not mean to except them. What is not excepted, must, of course, be included; and, therefore, the unjustifiable assertion that all 'the Weekly Literary Periodicals,' except 'The London Review,' were 'under base influence'—pretending to sources of information which had no existence,—and 'servile copyists of its own previous decisions,' was the original attack, and a more hostile or injurious one can scarcely be imagined. This was commenced, without cause or provocation, by 'The London Weekly Review;' and that it was done through the pages of 'The Quarterly,' instead of through its own, is only an aggravation of the evil; first, in its being addressed to those who, not seeing 'The London Weekly' itself, might be the more easily deceived; and, secondly, from its more extensive circulation, spreading the delusions respecting itself, and mis-statements respecting others, wider than twenty times the amount of its own sale would accomplish. It is, therefore, a subterfuge to assume for it the pacific character attempted to be worn, since the first declaration of open hostility proceeded from itself, and was met only by a just defence.

Secondly—It is attempted to disparage 'The Sphinx' and 'The Athenæum,' (for in this, both must be included) by the insinuation, that, whatever funds may have been available for establishing them and carrying them on, have been derived from 'appeals to the pity and charity of mankind.' This may allude to two circumstances: first, to the legacy left to Mr. Buckingham by a gentleman in India, which he devoted to the establishment of 'The Sphinx'; or, secondly, to the amount subscribed for Mr. Buckingham by that portion of the British and Indian public who thought him unjustly oppressed by the Government of India. As to the first, when it is considered that this legacy of 500*l.* was left by a gentleman with whom Mr. Buckingham never had any intercourse, personal or written; whose death happened in the interior of India, some years after the object of his approbation had been banished from that country, and that it was accompanied with the solemn assurance of its being 'offered as a dying testimony of respect for his zeal and manly conduct as a public writer and advocate of the cause of the oppressed;' we repeat, when all this is considered, Mr. Buckingham can have no reason to be ashamed of such an unsuspicious mark of esteem, any more than of the purpose to which it was appropriated, namely, to uphold and disseminate those very principles, in honour of which it was originally bestowed. As to

the second, the case stands simply thus: In preferring his moral and political duties to his pecuniary interests, Mr. Buckingham sacrificed, in what he deemed a public cause, a positively possessed fortune of 40,000*l.*, and an income of 8,000*l.* a year, with the prospect of 100,000*l.*, within a reasonably short period; and, subsequently, had this sacrifice in some degree mitigated, by the voluntary aid of some public-spirited among his countrymen in India and in England, to the extent of about 10,000*l.*,—a bare fourth of his loss;—every shilling of which, however, as those who make so unworthy a use of these facts well know, has reverted again to the community of India, in the establishment and support of a work, exclusively devoted to the advocacy of their interests, under disadvantages which nothing but such sacrifices could counteract. When individuals who sneer at such sacrifices, and such testimonies of public sympathy in these, shall make the one and receive the other for themselves, they will then be better able to estimate their real value.

Thirdly—It is insinuated, that the Rev. Henry Stobbing, (who did not become permanently attached to 'The Athenæum,' till some time after its establishment,) is its real Editor; that Mr. Buckingham is wholly incompetent to edit a Literary Journal; that he knows nothing whatever of the ancient authors of whom he speaks so familiarly in his writings; that he is even wholly ignorant of contemporary literature; that, in short, he is every thing that is contemptible as a man, and a mere empiric as an author. These accusations are indirectly made, it is true, in the form of questions; but they assume a direct shape by what follows, where the writer says, 'We do not ask (these questions) for our own information, for we know him; but we cannot help blushing for our profession, when we find it disgraced by EMPIRICISM SO REVOLTING.'

This is towards the close of the article under notice; and, really, all other matters contained in it are of such subordinate importance compared with this, that we might have passed them over with the silent scorn which would best have suited them; but, although we have hitherto abstained entirely from reference to personal matters, we should be unworthy of the estimation of any honourable mind, if we could permit such assertions as these to go unrefuted. As, however, the writer of these imputations, Mr. St. John, the Editor of 'The London Weekly Review,' (who has been privately offered an opportunity of denying the authorship, and has answered only by saying, that Mr. Buckingham had no right to question him on this point!) assumes greater credit for his assertions, on the ground of his personal knowledge of the individual to whom they apply,—as he puts the question at issue, as it were, on his personal acquaintance with Mr. Buckingham, it will be but an act of justice to him to state, in a few words, the history of that acquaintance, and the circumstances under which it was formed, fostered, and maintained.

At the close of the year 1823, when 'The Oriental Herald' was about to be commenced, Mr. St. John was introduced to Mr. Buckingham as a young man of ability, who might be useful to him as an assistant on that work, with the further claim of most pressing and urgent want, with which he had long been struggling, from the difficulty of supporting himself by his literary labours. This is not stated by way of reproach; for this may, at some periods of their lives, be undeservedly the condition of the most worthy men on earth; but it is a necessary part of the narrative. The two claims of ability and need were such as to command immediate attention; and, accordingly, Mr. St. John was engaged, as sub-editor of 'The Oriental Herald,' at first, on a scale of payment for labour performed, but, subsequently, in compliance with his own preference, on a stated salary, as being less precarious. During three years and a half, Mr. St. John continued to fill this situation under Mr. Buckingham, his salary being progressively increased, and continued, without interruption or deduction, through periods of absence from town, and incapacity, from sickness, to afford the slightest assistance to his employer. During the same period, also, he received pecuniary advances, beyond his just claims, to a considerable amount, for the purpose of relieving him from embarrassments, from which he had no other means of escaping; which advances (notwithstanding the flourishing state of his new undertaking, according to his own representation in the public prints) he never made an effort to return; and which are, to this hour, unpaid. During the whole of this period, Mr. Buckingham's house was his second home; and such was his professed preference of the pleasure its society

afforded him, to every other enjoyment within his reach, that he twice changed his residence to be nearer to this circle, and scarcely ever went a week without passing some of his evenings there. During this period, he expressed the most lively interest in all the public proceedings in which Mr. Buckingham was engaged;—his efforts for redress against the Indian Government;—his refutation of the calumnies of Mr. Banks;—the progress of his separate volumes of travels through the press;—and all his other undertakings. During this period, he published a Poem, and, as a mark of his respect and esteem, dedicated it to Mr. Buckingham by name. Soon afterwards, when the 'Travels among the Arab Tribes' were published, he unsolicitedly wrote a review of that work, which was full of the most flattering eulogies, and the highest compliments, to the talents, as well as character, of its author, several parts of which were printed in 'The Examiner'; and, both in his correspondence and conversation with others, as well as to the individual himself, (often, indeed, intrusively so,) was fervent and incessant in professing the highest admiration of what he himself chose to characterise as 'extraordinarily extensive knowledge and powerful talent,' and a 'perfection of character, and mildness of disposition, altogether unparalleled in his acquaintance with mankind.' Such adulation ought, perhaps, to have excited doubts of its sincerity at the time; but, however much beyond the real merits of the individual to whom it was applied, it was more easy for him to suppose it originating in the mistaken judgment of a warm and zealous friend, than in an insincerity, of the existence of which he had not the most remote suspicion.

In the summer of 1827, Mr. D. L. Richardson projected the establishment of 'The London Weekly Review;' and, being acquainted with Mr. St. John, as the sub-Editor of 'The Oriental Herald,' made overtures to him, for the purpose of obtaining his assistance. Mr. Buckingham's consent was asked, and freely given, under a persuasion, that the Editorship of such a Review would offer better prospects of ultimate reward to Mr. St. John, than the subordinate situation which he then filled. On quitting Mr. Buckingham's service, however, all his former protestations of respect, gratitude, and friendship were repeated; and pledges of the same devotion to his interests, as heretofore, voluntarily made. The next favour solicited of Mr. Buckingham was, (and in this both the Proprietor and Editor equally joined,) that he would furnish some articles for their 'Literary Review;' and, above all, that he would allow them to be printed, with his name attached to them as the author—for the sake of giving to the Review the advantages which, to use their own words, his 'deservedly high reputation' would secure it! With this, also, he complied; and the early numbers of 'The London Weekly Review' will thus be found to contain original articles, studiously put forth, both in the advertisements as well as in the body of the work itself, as 'written by J. S. Buckingham,'—whose name was then thought an important attraction to the infant-undertaking. In the same spirit of cordial good-wishes for its success, both these gentlemen were still permitted to be such a footing of personal intimacy, as to come, uninvited, whenever it suited their convenience, to join the literary friends, who made Mr. Buckingham's residence their resort, and to derive whatever benefit this extension of their acquaintance and connection might afford them.

At the close of 1827, the almost unexampled success of 'The Sybix,' and the consequent possession of means which this placed at his disposal, induced Mr. Buckingham to think of establishing a purely 'Literary Journal,' on the same independent principles. So unwilling was he, however, to do any thing which might be supposed hostile to the interests of Mr. Richardson or Mr. St. John, that he immediately communicated his intentions to both, and proposed, in order to prevent all rivalry, to make them joint participants in the benefit of his new undertaking, either by admitting them as partners with him, on an equitable consideration,—or by uniting 'The Weekly Review' with 'The Sybix,' for a consideration to be fixed by them,—or, in short, by any mode most convenient to their own views of the matter. They declined (as they had an undoubted right to do, if they chose); but the very offer was regarded by all, but themselves, as a proof of great disinterestedness, and friendly intentions, at least. Their next step was an endeavour to dissuade Mr. Buckingham from undertaking 'The Athenæum,' for which purpose they paid an evening visit, and (possibly enough, sincerely,—but, at all events, very gravely) assured Mr. Buckingham their own experience was sufficient to teach them that, by venturing on such a step, he would be rushing on

certain ruin; as even they had hitherto been quite unable to defray their own expenses, and for him, such a thing was hopeless;—modestly adding, that, when they commenced 'The London Weekly Review,' there was really need of an enlightened and independent journal, but that now that need was supplied, and no other could have a chance of success. The conversation ended, on the part of Mr. Richardson, with the offer of a bet of a thousand guineas, that 'The Athenæum' would not sell 500 copies per week in the first six months. Mr. Buckingham replied, that, not being in the habit of betting, he should prefer reserving that sum to be applied to the making 'The Athenæum' worthy of the success which he still hoped it would attain.

The experiment was tried; and the result was, that it sold, in the very first week of its existence, more than four times the number which it was predicted it would not reach in six months! This event, gratifying as it necessarily was to the party benefiting by it, seems to have been the sole cause (for no other can be imagined) of a complete revolution in the feelings, views, judgment, and determination of the other party. From that moment, their visits were less frequent; and, when made, were sometimes applied to the purpose of endeavouring to seduce from their engagements literary associate contributors to the pages of 'The Athenæum.' Still, however, a show of friendly disposition was maintained; and, even so late as the 18th of February last, when a letter was addressed by Mr. Buckingham to Mr. St. John, adverting to these attempts, and stating also that reports were current,—of his endeavouring, conjointly with Mr. Richardson, to depreciate 'The Athenæum,' by privately insinuating that its circulation was less than the world believed,—and expressing a hope that this was not true;—the answer of Mr. St. John, which went to deny the accuracy of the report, contained the following remarkable expressions:—first, in reference to the attempt to draw off its contributors, he says:

Perhaps you do not consider the thing as wrong in itself, and only object to my putting the question under your roof. God knows, I had been so accustomed to consider your house as almost my own, and you as so far above all petty jealousy, that I had no conception it could be unpleasant to you:—and next, in reference to the fear expressed, that circumstances had made a change in his disposition, he says, addressing Mr. Buckingham, 'You will find in the long run, that, in all your travels, you never met a man so attached to you, as I have been up to this moment. I do not say, (he continues) that, I am incapable of literary jealousy, for perhaps I do not sufficiently know my own heart; but this I will say, that it must be bitter ill-usage indeed that could make me your enemy:—and he afterwards characterizes himself as 'one of the most faithful (though not powerful) friends it was ever your fate to make or find in the world!'

These are the *verbatim* expressions contained in a letter, written by Mr. St. John's own hand, and addressed to Mr. Buckingham so recently as the 18th of February last, but a few weeks ago, since which, not a single new fact connected with Mr. Buckingham's capacity or understanding, (save and except his exposure of the arrogant pretensions of the advertisement of 'The London Weekly,' as analysed in 'The Athenæum,') can have come to his knowledge.

Mark, then, the result!—For more than four years of uninterrupted personal intercourse, Mr. St. John saw nothing in Mr. Buckingham's character or conduct to prevent his serving under him, as a literary assistant;—dedicating to him the only original work he ever published, as to his patron and friend;—writing, unsolicited, for a periodical journal, the most eulogistic review of Mr. Buckingham's Travels, and the highest praise of his talents and character, that ever appeared in print;—soliciting from him articles for his 'Review;'—pressing, as an especial favour, for permission to use Mr. Buckingham's name;—and calling himself, at the end, the most attached and faithful friend that Mr. Buckingham ever had the good fortune to make or meet in the world:—within a few weeks after which, totally forgetting all his former experience, avowals, obligations, pledges, and professions, he turns round, and calls the same individual, in the columns of his own paper, 'an ignorant and contemptible empiric,' 'a silly, dull, prolix, illogical, wordy, and obscure writer,' having 'a happy knack at abusing reason and common sense,' and 'making sad havoc with the English language,' as being so filled with 'grovelling envy and malevolence,' as to be 'always in quarrels;' and as being deserving only of such language as this:—'His pitiful cant and hypocrisy are our utter scorn; we shall ask him for his pity when we write like him; and, 'we cannot help blush-

ing for our profession, when we find it disgraced by empiricism so revolting!!'

Can such a plain and circumstantial narrative as this need one word of comment? or can the individual here described, be ever again worthy of belief, or of a moment's attention? Of the truth of all we have stated, we pledge ourselves, whenever the occasion shall be offered us, to furnish unimpeachable evidence and proof. We regret deeply the necessity for such disclosures; but our consolation is, that we have not been the first to attack either the public character of a rival Journal, or the private character of its conductor. When 'The Athenæum' was, in common with its contemporaries, denounced in 'The Weekly Review,' as base, servile, and pretending to resources which it did not possess, we should have tacitly acquiesced in the justice of the censure, had we remained silent; and when our private character is attempted to be held up to public odium, by the conductor of the same Journal, we should be deficient in spirit, indeed, if we abstained from showing the nature of the claims, which the writer has to credit for his assertions. It is this spirit of resistance to injustice, from whatever quarter it proceeds, (by which we ever have been, and hope always to be, animated,) that is, indeed, the cause of our having been, unfortunately, more frequently engaged in 'quarrels,' than more submissive subjects. We have never once, however, provoked them. There are men living under the despotism of India, who have borne ten times the oppression we have suffered, without a murmur: thank heaven! we are not of so yielding a mould. There are others who have been terrified from their purpose, by more insignificant threats than those of Mr. Banks: we rejoice that we are made of sterner nerves. There are some, also, who would submit in silence to all we have been here exposing, on the ground of its insignificance and incapacity to produce the smallest injury. We have, however, but one rule, by which we regulate our conduct, whether towards enthroned tyrants, clothed with all the power that despotism can give them,—to private slanderers, whose wealth emboldens them to outrage truth and justice,—or to the humbler enemies whom jealousy may make infuriate, and their obscurity encourage them to hope for escape,—from each and all of which we now have suffered; we have, we repeat, but one rule, which is, 'Be just: and fear not.' It is not our disposition to strike; but we will never shrink from defending ourselves, against all invasions of our political rights, our public reputation, or our private character, whenever there is ought substantial in such aggressions, whether they come from peers or peasants, from open enemies or pretended friends; but most of all, when, as in the present case, an attempt is made to deceive the public by one who lays his claim to its confidence on a long-continued private friendship, which he has here turned to the worst purpose that it is possible for the mind of man to conceive.

We have performed a painful duty; but, since we cannot reverse the past, our fervent prayer for the future is, that, as far as we ourselves are concerned, the subject may never again cross our recollection; and, for our ungrateful enemy, that he may also live to repair the breach, which, if he has a spark of generous feeling left in his bosom, this event must have already caused in his own happiness and peace.

Views of Windsor Castle, and its adjoining Scenery, drawn from Nature, and on Stone. By William Gwilt. Engelmann and Co. London, 1828.

THE second Number of this Work has been just sent to us. It contains the same number of Views as the first, namely, six; and, on a comparison of the two, we find the present quite equal to its predecessor. Of these twelve views, there is not one without interest; they present a series, which, from the variety, as well as skillful choice of the positions taken, will give a stranger a complete idea of one of the most celebrated castles and royal palaces of England. The introduction of the river and park scenery—of Eton College, and Windsor Bridge, across the Thames,—add much to the picturesque effect, and agreeably relieve the merely architectural views. The Collection is, indeed, in all respects, worthy of a place in the portfolio of amateurs.

The Pride of the Village: Designed and Drawn on Stone. By C. Childs. Engelmann and Co. London, 1828.

It is not easy to imagine a more characteristically beautiful figure, or a more sweetly expressive face, than is given to the Village Girl here represented. The landscape of the scene is also well designed; and the execution of the whole soft as well as spirited.

LA FONTAINE.

Fable 4.

Les Deux Mulets.

Deux mulets cheminoient, l'un d'avoine chargée,
L'autre portant l'argent de la gabelle.
Celui-ci, glorieux d'une charge si belle,
N'eut voulu pour beaucoup en être soulagé,
Il marchait d'un pas relevé,
Et faisait sonner sa sonnette;
Quand l'ennemi se présentant,
Comme il en vouloit à l'argent,
Sur le mulet du fâc une troupe se jette,
Le saisit au frein, et l'arrête.
Le mulet, en se défendant,
Se sent percer de coups, il gémit, il soupire.
Est-ce donc là, dit-il, 'ce qu'on m'avait promis?
Ce mulet, qui me suit, du danger se retire,
Et moi, j'y tombe, et je péris.'
'Ami,' lui dit son camarade;
'Il n'est pas toujours bon d'avoir un haut emploi,
Si tu n'avois servi qu'un muletier, comme moi,
Tu ne serois pas si malade.'

TRANSLATION.

Two mules were journeying, laden one with corn,
While gold was in the other's panniers borne.
The money-carrier marched with stately tread,
And tossed the jingling bells upon his head,
Proud of the costly burthen; while the other,
At humble distance, followed his rich brother.
Some thieves, who near the public road were hovering,
Attacked the travellers, seized the reins;
Nor were their nimble fingers long discovering
Whose mule could best repay their pains:
Casher resists, and plunges, bites, and kicks;
The rogues reward him tenfold with their sticks;
Till, sinking, bruised and battered, on the road,
Eased of his load,
Loud he bemoaned his melancholy fate.
His comrade thus addressed him: 'Posts of state
Are often posts of danger: had you been
A miller's mule, you'd slept in a whole skin.'

J. B.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A Tragedy, by Lord Morpeth, is in a state of forwardness for publication, entitled 'The Last of the Greeks, or the Fall of Constantinople.'
Botanical Register, or Ornamental Flower Garden and Shrubbery. By Sydenham Edwards. Vol. XIII., coloured Plates.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

New Orders of the Court of Chancery; published by authority, 3s. 6d.
Retsch's Outlines to Shakespeare, first series, 'Hamlet,' containing 17 plates, 40s. 11. 1s.
The Strategist's Guide through London, with Map, Hackney Coach Fares, &c., 3s. 6d.
Galeotti's Elements on Conversation, Italian and English, 4s.
The Cambridge University Calendar for 1823, 5s. 6d.
Lord Grenville's Essay on the Supposed Advantages of a Sinking Fund, 3s.
Westminster Review. Part 17.
Retrospective Review. Part 4.
Senior's Three Lectures on the Transmission of Precious Metals from Country to Country, &c. &c.
A Letter to the Right Hon. Charles Grant, on the Corn Laws, Wool Laws, &c., by Agricultor.

Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

MOODS AND TENSES. By ONE OF US. 'There is a good deal of talent in this little volume; much of that quick and riant observation which constitutes wit; much of that enthusiastic feeling which is in itself poetry. We rejoice to see the author acknowledge himself to be "One of Us."—Literary Gazette.'
Printed for Richard Glynn, 36, Pall-mall. Where may be had, CASWALLON, KING OF BRITAIN; a Tragedy, by Edward Gandy, Esq. 8vo. 5s.
LORENZO, the OUTCAST SON; a Drama, by the same Author. 8vo. 3s.
SOME PASSAGES in the Life of Mr. Egmont Bonnot. 8vo. 2s.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, for April, contains, among other interesting Original Articles.—1. Public Affairs.—2. Letters to the Students of Glasgow, by Thomas Campbell, Esq. No. 5; The Literature, &c., of the Alexandrian School.—3. Sketches of the Irish Law, No. 19; The Catholic Bar; Mr. O'Connell.—4. Parisian Society, Politics, and Literature.—5. Original Poetry, by Mrs. Hemans.—6. Tales of the West.—7. Walks in Rome and its Environs: Roman Art—Cammei.—8. Society in India, No. 2; The Bar, the Bench, and Female Ceteras.—9. Clio Grub at Brighton, by one of the Authors of 'Rejected Addresses.'—10. Canning's Speeches and Memoirs.—11. Aristocratic Novels.—12. My Partner at Cheltenham.—13. Table Talk Abroad, No. 3; The Bar.—14. Hatem Tal, an Arabian Tale.—15. A First Lesson in Reading.—16. Notes on the Month: Modern Architecture, Law of Copyright, Prince Metternich, Cooper the Novelist, the Game Laws, Otello, Duelling, Retrocession of Intellect, Mr. Northcote and Lord Eldon, &c., and the usual Varieties in Art, Science, and Literature.
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